

FREE
august 2007

D

discorder



that freaky magazine from citr 101.9fm

they shoot horses, don't they? the vancouver nights dandi wind
 elizabeth the safety show burnside new years resolution fun100
 three inches of blood the pack speaking of devils the badamps
 joel the rain and the sidewalk mr. plow the winks gangbang
 the mohawk lodge hot loins organ trail maow my project.blue
 Leah Abramson human hi-lite reel the weather rock'n the jolts
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 black rice the witness protection program d trevlon jump+dash
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 operation makeout romance bossanova the ewoks readymade
 the choir practice in medias res destroyer motorama the front
 mystery machine the r.a.d.i.o. the saddlesores brand new unit
 the parlour steps 42 better friends than lovers motorcycle man
 vancouver the riff randells it's a living thing cadeaux elias
 the organ you say party! we say die!

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Regulars

The Gentle Art of Editing	3
Vancouver Special Duplex <i>International Pils + Folk Fest</i>	4
Inkstudz <i>Robin McConnell</i>	5
Riff Raff <i>Brice Dunn</i>	6
Techs & The City <i>Emma Myers</i>	7
Copyright! <i>Greg McMullen</i>	7
Mix Tape <i>The Puck takes us on the road, in the van.</i>	11
Calendar + Datebook	12
Real Live Action	18
Under Review	19
CITR Charts <i>The Dopest Hits of July 2007</i>	21
Program Guide	22

Features

Helvetica

A preview of the hotly anticipated documentary's screening, an event just with the director and special guests set to host the evening. **4**

Immaculate Machine

When a band gigs relentlessly and has a good time doing it, good things are almost always sure to follow. And how, in the case of Victoria's rising rockers. **9**

13th Annual Reggae Fest

Sun, soca, and...Maple Ridge? Vancouver's reggae rebel, Bounty Hunter, and his friends throw a Caribbean party in the far outskirts of Vancouver, and everyone's invited... **14**

Caribou

Frontman Dan Snaith has seen a lot: from legal action over his band's previous moniker to the land that inspired the title of his new album, *Andorra*. Caribou's music is the better for it. **15**

the Gentle Art of Editing

Welcome to August! I don't blame you if you thought it would never come, what with the weird summer we have had so far. I hope the various labour problems that began last month here in Vancouver have not caused you too much inconvenience. My shouts go out to anyone who may still be on the picket lines. I wish for things to work out fairly for you.

Such turmoil is a fact of growth and of change, and there's been plenty of all that here at Discorder over the last few months. During the last half year, CITR's publication arm has undergone what amounts to a complete editorial staff changeover.

Art director extraordinaire Cole Johnson and I have essentially worked as a short-staffed, two-person unit ever since my start as editor. As of this month, that has all changed, as we welcome on Cheyanne Turions on board as our new production manager. Let's just say life during production week in the Discorder office will be a whole lot less stressful with her around!

Speaking of staffing changes here at Discorder, I must also note that we have a new Real Live Action (RLA) Editor as of last month. It is my pleasure to greet Brock Thiesen, the proofreader with the eagle eye, to the team. He replaces outgoing RLA Editor, Danny McCash. I admit I goofed big time by forgetting to credit Brock for his hard work in last month's masthead, so hopefully this shout-out with help partially atone for that flub.

But that's not all the change that's afoot here at Discorder. This is the first month for our newest feature, HeyDJ!, which will feature columns from a semi-regular cast of CITR on-air talent. It is my hope that HeyDJ! will help CITR listeners become more familiar with these DJs and what their shows have to offer. This month's HeyDJ! will feature writings from Alex Tornillo of *Salario Minimo*, Steveston Mike of *Flex Your Head*, and me, Spike, of *The Canadian Way*.

I am excited about the prospect that HeyDJ! becoming a popular feature with readers and CITR DJs alike—a way for Discorder's two closest allies to regularly stay in touch with one another. DJs contributing columns to HeyDJ! will find it a unique and casual way to promote their shows to their fullest potential, while listeners will get to know their favourite CITR shows, and their hosts, on a more personal basis.

On another front, I would also like to note that due to behind-the-scenes issues, the name of our film column has changed from Cinema Aspirant to Celluloid Exposed; it is still the same great film and DVD write-ups you've come to expect from us, just with a different name.

Finally, before leaving you to peruse through this month's issue of Discorder, I would like to remind everyone that we're always looking for reader and listener feedback to be reprinted in the Discorder Mailbag, which makes its return this month. Sure the two pieces of mail we did receive were glowing, but we're just as happy to print reader and listener mail with tips on how CITR or Discorder Magazine can improve. Don't be shy. Send your feedback to mailbag.discorder@gmail.com, or snail us at: Discorder Mailbag c/o CITR

#233-6138 SUB Blvd.
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Canada

You can also email the Discorder Mailbag from the link on the contact page at <http://discorder.ca>.

This is everyone's chance to make Discorder Magazine into something more akin to a forum for CITR listeners and talent, while still providing the cutting-edge music and arts stories that you have grown to rely on from this little monthly. In the meantime, enjoy this issue, soak up the last of summer, give us your feedback and support your local live music scene!

Mike "Spike" Chilton
Editor

MAILBAG

Hello Discorder,

I am a recent convert to your magazine, and it encouraged me to go seek out your station. Through CITR's live streaming and podcasting, I've been listening for months and loving it!

I really like Nardwuar (Who doesn't? He's crazy...) and the guests he has on. I'm also a fan of so many other shows. It's impossible to list them all here. Let's just say I wouldn't have listened to any of them, or even known about them, if I hadn't discovered Discorder that one fine sunny day. I often listen at work and I've started downloading the podcasts, now that I have an iPod. It's almost too much to take in.

There's lots of other radio stations who should be paying attention to what you're doing. I've never even seen commercial stations cater to their listeners so well, and that's their job! Keep up the

good work, Discorder and CITR! I will continue to listen and read for many years to come.

Also, I'm glad you brought back the Mailbag so that I can show my appreciation for all to see.

Thanks,
Lindsay Rothschild

Hi Mike,

I am Stefan [Ellis]'s brother and I also work for Burli. I just wanted to thank you for your write-up about Stefan.

Thank you, and everyone else involved, for taking the time to compile this wonderful memory of Stefan. It is very well written and touching in many ways.

Best Regards,
Andrew Ellis

VANCOUVER SPECIAL DUPLEX



SUITE ONE BY INTERNATIONAL BEN LAI FALLS

30
THE VANCOUVER
FOLK MUSIC FESTIVAL TURNS
DEUX
BY VAL CORMIER

It is amusing that only one member of International Falls has actually been to the Minnesota city with which they share a name. Guitarist Jeremy Bidnall explains, "I grew up in Thunder Bay, which was close to there. We went to Fort Francis, which was their sister city. We went across and had dinner."

"There are a lot of lakes around there," adds vocalist Megan McDonald, "and frozen turkey bowling."

In fact, only Bidnall knew the city even existed before the band borrowed that name. "Megan and I just heard it on the radio. I have no idea why actually," co-vocalist Jay Arner explains.

Together with their newest member on drums and bass, Jack Jutson, this four piece band from the seemingly remote suburb of Langley, BC has been turning heads for years with their finely crafted lo-fi indie pop gems. They have had some help along the way, however, as it would be silly not to mention the impressive cast of musicians who have been involved with the project at one point or another. There is Phil Elverum (Microphones/Mount Eerie), Jason Anderson (Wolf Colonel), Adrian Orange (Thanksgiving), Carla Gillis (Plumtree/Bontempi), Amanda Braden (Plumtree), Thomas Shields (Run Chico Run), Rusty Matyas (The Waking Eyes), and Karl Blau. And that's only to name a few.

Last year, International Falls released the vinyl-only album, *The Plateau*, which was an instant favourite among reviewers and campus radio station DJs alike. Therefore, the expectations will be high on September 4, when the band releases their follow-up album, *Achievements*. The band was trying to be facetious in choosing that title, since most of the songs on the record are about mid-20s aimlessness. But Arner confesses that there might be another reason: "I wanted a band called *Achievements*, and since I got this other band called International Falls already, I'm obligated."

(*Achievements*) was recorded last winter at our house. We tried to make it a party album, something that you can play at a party, so there's a lot of percussion," Arner recalls. "The thing with recording this album was we would do what we feel. When you are recording, you are always thinking in the back of your head, 'Maybe I shouldn't do that. Maybe I shouldn't have a stupid amount of reverb on the singing. Or maybe I shouldn't distort everything on this song.' So we just sort of ignore that."

As the principle songwriter, Arner explains his creative process: "It really doesn't take very long to write any songs. They sort of pop into my head. But it does take long to write lyrics. It's not constant work; it's just waiting for things to come to my head."

Besides recording *Achievements*, International Falls also contributed a song to the new album, *Wanna Be Your Friend: A Tribute To The Inbreds*, a record celebrating the influential '90s Canadian indie rock band, The Inbreds. "We did the song 'Attitude.' It's a song that I always like singing in the car. I jumped on 'Attitude,'" says Arner. "Scott, the guy who was putting it together, must have heard about us from Plumtree. He was a Plumtree fan and he bought one of our albums. If someone buys *The Plateau*, I would always try to talk to them. I'm just curious."

"If you are in a scene where you are not trying to sell records to make a living, it is really neat to actually know the people that are buying your records," McDonald agrees. "You are like, 'Why? Who are you? How could you possibly be buying our album?' For example, Marriage Records in Portland, if you order it in Portland, they personally deliver it to your door. It ties the people in that music scene a lot better. It is amazing."

One might expect that the host of a CTR folk show would set up camp at or near Jericho Beach Park during the high holy holiday of Folk Fest. Many years, I've taken in the entire 13 hours of music, from site opening to closing. This year, however, I stepped back to experience the 30th annual Vancouver Folk Music Festival (VFMF) as a casual audience member.

I missed Friday evening's mainstage, but heard good reports about Bhangra Authentic. Inclusion of the South Asian community in this festival is a better late than never development. Saturday, I arrived on site at a civilized 2 p.m. While I waited for my guest, I caught the end of a very good workshop with Oh Susanna. Old Man Luedecke, the Carolina Chocolate Drops and Sam Parton of the Be Good Tanyas. The Chocolate Drops blew everyone off that stage with their blues and Appalachian numbers.

My music aficionado friend arrived: not particularly enamored of folkies or folk music, she managed to keep her anti-friend alive to a minimum. First stop was a shady stage 3 to watch Geoff Muldaur, an older, white blues dude with some good stories about the old days. What to see next? I compared texts with a music writer acquaintance of mine who was wandering about. Utah Phillips (wash your beard, oldie?) Ganga Giri (digeridoo alert!) The Carolina Chocolate Drops were nearby, so we enjoyed one of the best hours of music that whole weekend.

After a grueling 20-minute portapotty line, we crossed the festival site to catch Jim Byrnes and his band. A tasty horn section, and Simon Kendall on keys, filled out his sound nicely. As the first band started on the mainstage, we high-tailed it to the CD tent and then the food village. Thumbs up to the new fish taco vendors!

Back to our blanket for the Jamaica to Toronto project. Their old school R&B was very slick and entertaining, and enhanced by the new video screen at stage right. The Wallin' Jennys also put on a good set. We gave Toumani Diabate a chance, but perhaps all our years living near the Drive have put us off. Afrobeat—even the great stuff. Early night brought us an excruciating bus trip downtown with drunk Irish students.

Sunday marked the final 'Birkenstock 500', but I couldn't be arsed to get up that early; it will be interesting to see what eventually replaces that mass run. I also missed a reportedly fabulous gospel workshop with Jim Byrnes and the Sojourners. I did get to see Jesse Zubot collaborating with Inuk throat singer Tanya Tagaq; it was as freaky in the best way, as one might imagine. My guests (niece and nephew, ages 5 and 8) arrived. After a walkabout, we plunked ourselves in front of stage 2, where Geoff Berner, Bitch and the Exciting Conclusion, and Hawksley Workman were holding court in a rambunctious manner. My niece leaned over to inform me, in a worried tone, that "that guy [Hawksley Workman] is kinda crazy." We caught other performances in passing, but most of the afternoon was spent keeping the wee ones fed and entertained in the kids' area.

After my brother picked up his offspring, it was time for the big ones to be fed and entertained. Since VFMF has steadfastly refused to provide an adult beverage area, we headed to the Jericho Sailing Club. There, the increased business crashed their computers. We went back to the mainstage in time for Sarah-Jane Morris, who had greatly impressed at her first VFMF appearance a few years ago. I loved her "I Put All My Money on a Horse Named Janis Joplin," about losing a high-profile movie role. The Collaboratory, a band consisting of East Van types, was better than I'd expected. Theirs was a slick production, avoiding most of the hokey folk clichés. Unfortunately, their high-tech setup and slightly long set threatened to cause a late start for the Be Good Tanyas.

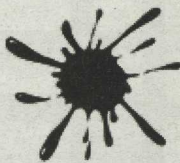
After a painfully long turnover, the Be Gods took the stage and started what was turning into a good set—only to be cut off after about 20 minutes. "Um, this is kinda lame," Frazey Ford pointed out. An awkward transition into the traditional "let's all hold hands" finale was a sorry ending to an otherwise fine evening.

The festival posted an apology of sorts on their website, citing curfew constraints: "We didn't want to do it, but had no choice." I beg to differ. It was already past 11:00 when they chose to go ahead with the old-and-tired finale. Lame indeed. Festival organizers had to be aware of extenuating factors (notoriously slow band to sound check, CBC recording for national broadcast, complex stage setup), so suck it up, guys. Sorry.

Thirty is often a tricky birthday to traverse, and Folk Fest is doing its best to keep up. Ah, the blessed ahead (at last!) of the birthday and "Dude, where's my party?" announcements—hell, even the raffle prizes were better. Including more well-known acts would've been great, but it's clear that this Fest, at age 30, is finally getting serious about fiscal responsibility.

The folkies still put on a great party, limited-learnous or not, and VFMF is still a relevant and important part of Vancouver's cultural landscape. Good luck on the creep towards middle age!

inkstuds

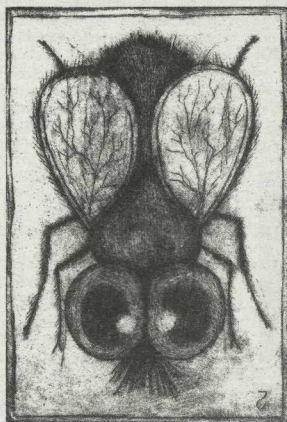


by
ROBIN McCONNELL

Looking back at the volumes of work that Renee French has created over the last 15 years shows an artist who has really stepped into her stride. She has created some of the most original comic work around by balancing the genre lines between fine art, children's books and disturbing comix. When one compares differences between her books, one finds that each takes on a completely different style and feeling. The unifying factor of French's work is that it both disturbs and delights. Top Shelf has put out three books by French that each play on their own separate strengths, playing with storytelling in a meticulous style. *The Soap Lady*, *The Ticking* and *Micrographica* are sure to please both adult and child alike.

The Soap Lady came out in 2001 as a charming graphic album that would fit in any kid's bookshelf, next to *Where the Wild Things Are* and other excellent examples of youthful literature. Illustrated in exquisitely penciled pointillism, *The Soap Lady* is the tale of a young boy meeting an odd, almost grotesque, bony creature made of soap. It's a story based around the innocent relationship between the young boy and the Soap Lady, and the trials and tribulations that they go through in their odd friendship. Things eventually degrade, as other people in the young boy's life discover the Soap Lady and chase her out of town, back into the sea from where she came. *The Soap Lady* works as a children's book because of the intricate work that French puts into the art and the story. Instead of trying to do an educational story, meant to teach something, *The Soap Lady* is just a fun story with incredible art that will suck in any reader.

The Ticking is French's most impressive piece of work by far. It comes in a beautifully designed hardcover by the uber-talented Jordan Crane. *The Ticking* further explores the theme of childhood. But in this book, it's the tale of a father and son, both with deformed appearances. While the father is unhappy with the way they look, the son doesn't see a problem with his disfigurement and enjoys the blissful naivete of youth. French's strength in *The Ticking* is the way in which she shows the beauty within the grotesque. Looking at the delicate pencil-work of French sucks you into a sad, beautiful world. One of the things I find most astonishing about her work is that she draws in the same scale as her work is printed. Most work this



finite and detailed is done at a much larger scale, then shrunk down. Her art shows the exceptional work such a refined talent can produce. Another great aspect of *The Ticking* is the indication that French seems to be ready to take her work to the next level. *The Ticking* is a career benchmark that most cartoonists can only hope to achieve at some point.

In comparing French's early, more crude work in *Grit Bath*, and her illustration work for Dennis Eichhorn's *Real Stuff*, you can see that she is a completely different artist now. While her work already had the great aspect of being strong and rough and dirty in all the right places, her latest work shows an incredible attention to detail. It's as though she has created perfectly-contained stories that don't need any touch-ups or altering; instead, French has covered every last detail. Many of today's great comix will feature a lovely Renee French spread. One of my favorites is in the Fantagraphics smut anthology, *Dirty Stories*. In that piece, French creates an odd, silent six-panel arc that features a watermelon-looking thing entering what looks like folds in flesh. French leaves much to the imagination, making the story all the more disturbing.

Her latest work is almost a step back for her, focusing on bold lines and telling a more youthful,



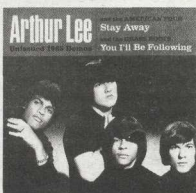
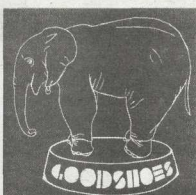
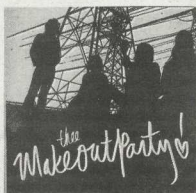
There see, she likes you.



less disturbing story. *Micrographica*, published by Top Shelf Comix, French's mainstay publisher, is as close she will ever get to publishing a pocket book. Measuring around the size of a hand, *Micrographica* is a mini journey into the land of a group of little rodents and their prized ball of poop. Personally, I love stories with poop. Poop is funny on so many levels and not used nearly as often as it should be. *Micrographica* focuses on the friendships of her filthy protagonists and the struggles of a day in their lives. It is a simple and wonderful story that you can read over and over. Even though *Micrographica* is done in a simpler style, French has still designed her book to look awesome. The pages are on this weird pseudo newspaper that gives the book a good, pulpy feeling. And don't forget the bonus drawings of crap in the back, by some of the finest artists in the field, including a Jim Woodring rendition.

French is one of those creators whose work is so odd, and filled with such a great sense of humor, that I wish I could hang out with her, and get into that odd mind that creates such pieces of wonderment. Instead, French spends a good amount of her time in Australia, sitting by the sea, working on her next book that will keep me sucked in and wanting more as soon as I am done with it **D**

HEY



FLEX YOUR HEAD

BY STEVESTON MIKE

Steveston Mike hosts Flex Your Head Tuesday evenings, 6-8 p.m., bringing you the best in current and classic punk and hardcore on CTR 101.9 FM.

6 August 2007

Sorry to skip out on ya last month, folks. It's been busy around my neck of the woods lately. I plan to make it up to you, though, and this month's batch of goodies will definitely strike a match under yer butt to get out and find these gems.

First off, a band we told you about last time out, Thee Makeout Party, graced me with their newest slab. It's hot off the press and into my hands, and it follows the same sickly sweet formula as their last. "2 EZ 2 LUV U" is a Bay City Rollers homage, reworked and refined for the modern age with its pseudo-falsetto vocals and bouncy backbeat. "Hedberg Boogie" starts off innocently enough with a Merseybeat-style intro then strays into "extended jam" territory as things continue—but before you can lift the needle, it quickly reverts back to its origins and ends on a humorous note. Apparently an album is in the works, but in order to satisfy your bubblegum cravings now, chew on this and hope the flavour doesn't go stale. (Burger Records, 1370 S. Sanderson Anaheim CA 92806)

One band that has created renewed flavour for their fans is Vancouver's power-pop princes the Pointed Sticks. Back on the scene after a 25-year (what they call) hiatus, they graced Vancouver with a show back in January and will do so again this month to celebrate the release of their newly-minted single. "My Japanese Fan" tells the story of their sojourn to the Far East and how they fell in love with the people they thought had forgotten about them. There's also a clever double-entendre lyric in "Looking for Shelter down in Tokyo," a reference to a club in the capital city and the romantic point of interest for our protagonist. "Found Another Boy" takes musical cues from Joe Jackson's "Is She Really Going Out With Him?" and early Squeeze to form a mid-tempo ballad akin to their early days classic "The Real Thing." For longtime fans, this is a must-have for their collection. For the new and curious, this is worth a listen and might inspire you to catch them when they hit the Red Room Stage Saturday, Aug. 25. (Sudden Death Records, Cascades PO Box #43001 Burnaby, B.C. V5G 3H0 Canada)

In researching the band Good Shoes, I came across the track "Morden" from their debut LP, Think Before You Speak. It takes an ironic tone in a quirky look at their hometown. Described as "not the sort of place you want to take your kids to," you wonder what still makes them so chipper in such a lackadaisical sort of way. If Maximo Park had more cheek and the Libertines didn't suffer from a coke-addled image, you would have this foppish foursome. An EP was released before the record made it my way, and I dig the crackin' (that's the new "wicked," BTW) tunes on display here, too: chirpy guitar, crisp drum work and soul-bearing storytelling are the order of the day for these guys, so you may want to catch a gander. (Brille Records, www.brillerecords.com)

Finally, an unearthed treasure makes its way to wax courtesy of two hard-working music fanatics in New York. Before the quasi-legendary psych group Love hit the scene in Los Angeles, circa '66, lead singer and mastermind, Arthur Lee, dabbled in R&B and soul (documented on an EP recently released by Munster Records) while trying to find his muse. His collaboration with guitarist and long-time friend Johnny Echols produced his first foray into the tripped-out world of Electric Prunes and the Seeds-styled music, with the formation of the American Four. Not happy with that moniker, they then settled on the Grass Roots. Because there was another group already in possession of the name, some of the tracks Lee and Echols recorded (along with the rhythm section that would go on to become Love) never saw the light of day until last year. "Stay Away" has a cool folk-pop vibe with its handclap-happy verses and manic guitar break. The flip "You I'll Be Following" showcases a jangly pop tune that cites more of a Byrds influence than the psych edge the group is known for. This being said, another winner from the folks at Norton in their quest to uncover lost legends and give them their due—a necessary purchase, to be sure. (Norton Records, Box 646 Cooper Station NY, NY 10276 USA)

Back with more musical mayhem next month! **D**

Top Ten for July 2007

1. Violent Minds - We Are Nothing [Deranged]
2. Fire at Will - Today Is Mine [I for US]
3. In Stride - Place of Decay 7-inch [Bottled Up]
4. 108 - A New Beat from a Dead Heart [Deathwish]
5. Face the Panic - The Reclamation [Reaper]
6. Never Looking Back - Fragile Hearts [Detonate]
7. What Life Is - demo
8. Christian Club - Final Confessions 7-inch [Sorry State]
9. Destroy L.A. - Vandalize 7-inch [No Way]
10. Make It Count - Make It Count 7-inch [Defiant Hearts]

More Hey, DJ! on page 18...

Seeing as how this is my first column, I thought I would take some time to introduce myself. My name is Steveston Mike, and I host Flex Your Head on Tuesday nights from 6 p.m. until 8 p.m. on CTR, Flex Your Head is a radio show that focuses on punk and hardcore music. I got the name Steveston Mike about eight or nine years ago. At the time, there were a lot of Mikes in the scene, and to make it easier for people to tell us apart, some people started adding "Steveston" in front of my name (Steveston is a little area in Richmond where I grew up).

I first got into punk when I was 14 years old. I can still remember riding home from school on the bus and a guy sitting across from me asked if I had ever heard of Suicidal Tendencies. I said no, so he loaned me his tape. The first thing I heard was a song about this guy talking about seeing his friend's dead mommy and how much he liked it. I had never heard such outrageous lyrics. I was hooked. To this day, Suicidal Tendencies are still one of my favourite bands.

I can also remember the first time I heard Flex Your Head. I was working as a delivery driver, and one day, I was searching the radio for something different to listen to. I tuned in to CTR and they were playing some heavy band I'd never heard before. Again, I was hooked. The band turned out to be Biohazard, and I immediately went out and found the album in some record store. That was back in 1991, and Eric Flexyourhead was the host of the show. I listened to the rest

of that show and made sure to tune in every week for he next 16 years. During those years, I became friends with Eric, and from time to time, he would ask me to come in and hang out with him at the studio while he did the show. We always had a fun time.

Just over a year ago, he called me up and asked if I would be interested in taking over for him. My first reaction was he's pulling my leg. Even after he finally convinced me he was serious, I was still shocked that he would ask me to fill his shoes. Over the years, he has introduced me to some amazing bands that I would probably never have heard of if it hadn't been for his show. However, once his offer sunk in, it didn't take long for me to jump at the opportunity. Over the next eight or nine months, I trained with him every Tuesday to learn how to use the equipment and become a DJ. It wasn't all work though; we had a lot of fun hanging out and playing some good music. Then one day, Eric decided that it was time for him to step down after 18 years of hosting Flex Your Head. He gave me one week's notice to prepare, and then he threw me to the airwaves by myself.

For the past six months, I have tried to maintain the high standards that Eric set. I have done my best to keep to the same format that he had for all those years, while slowly introducing my own musical tastes to the listeners. I only hope that one day I can be the guy that some young kid out there is listening to, excited about a band that he may have never heard of if it weren't for Flex Your Head.

techs and the City

The Fascination with Facebook
by Emma Myers

The world's fascination with passive viewing has long been exploited for entertainment purposes. From the Kinetoscope to the television, each new format has brought with it a new set of social concerns and reactions. The power and pleasure of voyeurism is brilliantly exposed and explored in Hitchcock's film, *Rear Window*. The protagonist, L.B. Jeffries, is an every man who happens to be incapacitated with a broken leg. Confined to a wheelchair in his apartment, he takes to peering into his neighbours' windows (and lives) through his binoculars. Hobby turns to all-consuming obsession as Jeffries transforms himself into a seemingly omniscient observer, seeing and knowing all about everyone. The emergence of the enormously popular cyber community, Facebook, has bred millions (over 30 million to be exact) of voyeurs similar to Mr. Jeffries by essentially creating an online apartment building in which everyone's blinds are always open.

The program was created in 2004 with the intention of providing a network that would connect college students. In its early stages, Facebook was unique to students at Harvard, the alma mater of creator Mark Zuckerberg. It then loosened its girde to include all Ivy League schools and, later, to include almost all colleges and universities. Next, it became available to high school students. Facebook is now so broadly available that basically anyone can join, as there are a variety

of networks that have nothing to do with school (for example, geographical regions).

To a generation raised on instant messaging and email, at first glance, Facebook doesn't appear to be anything revolutionary, but it is. Like Jeffries, Facebook users—most of who are university students—have allowed the program to become a central priority in their lives. Only instead of being incapacitated by a broken leg, the majority of students are incapacitated by their own boredom. Facilitated by on-campus wireless Internet, students browse profiles during lectures, in between classes or as a substitute for studying in library.

However, the most important distinction between Jeffries and Facebook users is that, while Jeffries remained an anonymous voyeur, Facebook users are well aware that they are simultaneously watching and being watched. This has given rise to the twin obsessions of looking at others, as well as presenting oneself. Personal profiles have evolved to become a type of self-advertisement. It has come to the point where the goal of an evening out is to take a profile-worthy photo.



The photo component of Facebook has proved to be its winning and most addictive feature. Facebook photos inform others what everyone has been doing and where they have been doing it. With the exception of a few albums documenting exotic travels, the majority of photos depict inebriated, red-faced and squinty-eyed college students, smiling overzealously and holding an alcoholic substance of some kind in one—or both—hands. One would think that after looking at two or three essentially identical albums, people would get bored. On the contrary, this photo-stalking is like an addictive drug that induces a high from the false sense of omniscience that Facebook grants users.

What Jeffries learns at the end of *Rear Window* is that there is no such thing as true human omniscience—a lesson that would perhaps help many Facebook users break their addictions. If Stella, Jeffries's maid, thought that the world had grown into a bunch of "peeping Toms" back in the '50s, I can only imagine what kind of bitter phrase she would use to describe us now. **d**

COPY FIGHT

GREG
McMULLEN

Hollywood wants you to believe that unauthorized downloading is worse than bank robbery. In June, a delegation of powerful industry representatives and lobbyists appeared on Capitol Hill in Washington to talk about a major problem facing the world. In a speech by Rick Cotton, general counsel for NBC/Universal, he set the stakes:

"Our law enforcement resources are seriously misaligned. If you add up all the various kinds of property crimes in this country, everything from theft, to fraud, to burglary, bank-robbing—all of it—it costs the country \$16 billion a year. But intellectual property crime runs to hundreds of billions [of dollars] a year."

Cotton hopes that U.S. law enforcement will shift its focus, concentrating on intellectual property crime rather than other forms of property crime. The reasoning seems pretty clear: since intellectual property crime costs the economy at least 13 times as much money, intellectual property crime should be treated far more seriously.

Unfortunately for Cotton, there are two key problems with his argument. First, the numbers he presents are uncertain, if not complete fabrications. Secondly, and more disturbingly, he shows a total disregard for the very human nature of crimes against real property and the social ills that come with them.

Let's look at the numbers first. The figure of "hundreds of billions" is not exactly precise in itself. Are we talking close to a trillion, or closer to two hundred billion? There's no word on what makes up this kind of crime. Are we talking about kids downloading Mims's "This Is Why I'm Hot," organized criminal cartels selling bootlegged DVDs or Cuba refusing to recognize U.S. drug patents? The figures thrown out by the movie and music industries never come close to hundreds of billions. The biggest number the movie industry has offered comes closer to \$6 billion—still large, but nowhere near the "hundreds of billions" territory. What else is included to pad the losses?

Another issue is exactly how losses are calculated. If people aren't going to see *Fantastic Four 2*, is that because they don't care about the Silver Surfer or because they downloaded it? If no one at all went to see it, would the loss be the amount the movie cost to make, or the amount they expected to profit? Even if you could count up the number of people who download a film or album, you can't show that they didn't buy it later on or would have bought it if the album wasn't available to be pirated. Understanding all these complex factors requires a detailed analysis—one that I doubt industry lawyers and beancounters bothered to carry out.

The numbers problem becomes especially clear in the Canadian context. Recently, the Canadian Recording Industry Association (CRIA) announced what it called an unprecedented decrease in sales—down 35 per cent from the previous year. Graham Henderson, the president of the association, said it was a wake-up call to the federal government. He said these numbers made it clear that something needs to be done to end piracy in Canada. But Michael Geist, a copyright lawyer at the University of Ottawa, has pointed out that in April 2006, several Canadian record labels, including Vancouver's Nettwerk, left the association; therefore, the association had less product to sell. Of course their numbers went down! Geist suggests that if sales of the six absconding labels are taken into account, CRIA might actually show growth for the 2006-2007 year, rather than the 35 per cent loss.

Here's a challenge to Cotton's crew and other industry puppeteers: break down these "hundreds of billions" for us, so we can see exactly where the losses are coming from, and then show us the methodology you used to come up with those figures.

For now, however, let's do something *Copyright!* rarely does—let's give the industry groups the benefit of the doubt concerning how much money intellectual property crimes really do cost them. Does this mean that intellectual property crime really should receive more law enforcement attention than traditional property crimes?

Lawyers tend to put dollar signs on everything. This makes for great jokes about greedy lawyers, but there's a good reason for it. If 50 CDs are stolen from a store, you can figure out what those CDs were worth and itemize the damage done. The owner might not get the CDs back, but their insurance can shell out the dollar value and put such victims back in roughly the same place they were before the crime.

But what if someone breaks into your house and steals the same 50 CDs? You've lost the same dollar value as the store, but you've lost something more important: your sense of security and safety in your home. Even if your insurance pays to replace the missing collection, it's impossible to put a dollar value on the safety that should come when you lock your apartment door. The law is great at calculating tangible losses, but this kind of loss falls through the cracks. This doesn't make it less important, though.

However, this is about more than copyright and intellectual property. It's about our safety and security when we're at home or walking down the street. Cotton is suggesting that these violent, invasive crimes are less important than infringing on intellectual property, simply because it's easier to put an inflated price tag on intellectual property crime. Cotton wants fewer cops investigating bank robberies and break-and-enters so they can spend their time looking for movie bootleggers. This is more than stupid; it's dangerous. Cotton and his ilk have to be stopped, and even if they succeed in influencing the guys on Capitol Hill, they must never be allowed to do the same in Ottawa.

Copyright! Update:

Back in the January issue of *Disorder* last year, I wrote about how copying music from a CD you bought to your iPod was illegal, thanks to strangeness at the Copyright Board of Canada. The board has not been sitting still. They've looked at the original decision and overturned it. They plan to bring in a small tax on the purchase of iPods that will allow for private copying. If you've paid the levy, you'll be able to legally copy music to your iPod or other MP3 players. **d**

CELLULOID exposed

more than words Helvetica documentary SELLS OUT in Vancouver by jackie WONG



How does a film about a typeface sell out in a day-and-a-half?

The Vancouver premiere of *Helvetica*, screening Aug. 7 only at the Empire Granville 7 Cinemas, sold out in the first 48 hours of tickets first going on sale. The documentary explores the ubiquity of the popular sans-serif typeface and its cultural influence on graphic design. Like Times New Roman's cooler nephew, Helvetica has become a household font, widely used in public spaces and mass media. Surely Courier never garnered this much fame.

Director/producer Gary Hustwit is the producer of five other documentaries, among them Wilco's *I Am Trying to Break Your Heart* and Death Cab for Cutie's tour diary, *Drive Well, Sleep Carefully*. *Helvetica* premiered at the 2007 South by Southwest music festival, and the B.C. chapter of the Society of Graphic Designers of Canada (GDC) helped bring the screening to Vancouver.

"When we originally started to book it, we were looking [at] a small scale [screening], but as the film started premiering across the states, we realized it was becoming a much bigger, more popular film than we expected," says Cory Ripley, GDC events chair. "We had a lot of [GDC] members ask for the film," says Cory. "There's a little bit more to it than just a film about a typeface. It really talks about how Helvetica is in everybody's lives."

The Helvetica typeface celebrates its 50th birthday this year. "How did a typeface drawn by a little-known Swiss designer in 1957 become one of the most popular ways for us to communicate our words, 50 years later?" asks Hustwit. Douglas Coupland and Jim Rimmer will weigh in at the Vancouver screening as guest speakers.

Coupland, a writer and visual artist, is known for authoring *Generation X*, *Microserfs*, and works of non-fiction. "He uses Helvetica in most of his books," says Ripley. "Most people don't realize his background is graphic design."

Rimmer is a celebrated typographer, lithographer, illustrator, and designer, and is considered a Canadian hero in the graphic design industry. He has worked in all aspects of the industry, including traditional metal type-casting methods. "He's been involved with [design] for 50 years," says Ripley. "He's an artist and a tradesman."

In the event that extra tickets become available for the currently sold-out Vancouver screening of *Helvetica*, the GDC has created a ticket waiting list for eager patrons at <http://bc.gdc.net/helveticafilm>. The documentary is set for DVD release in October 2007.

<http://www.helveticafilm.com/>



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PUNK OF THE FUTURE CLUB,
AND AT THE DOOR



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REMOVAL
MENDOZZA
KROME

TICKETS: TRAIL KENDRICK, RED CAT,
PUNK OF THE FUTURE CLUB,
AND AT THE DOOR



Thursday, August 30th
VEER
& GUESTS

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(ALL AGES SHOW) | OUT ON SCREEN: CLOSING GALA - 08/26

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FOUR THIRTIES SIX DRS

No Rust Here

the restless life of

Immaculate Machine

words and images

by Julie Colero

Victorias Immaculate Machine have been logging a great deal of travel time this summer. June saw the band making repeat milestone visits to Vancouver. One for a pre-release listening party at Red Cat Records to celebrate their new album, *Fables*, and again for an album release show at the Ukrainian Hall. They then jet off to do a five-gig mini tour of London. Near the end of July, the band set out on yet another cross-country tour—this one running east to west and set to end in early September. It's no surprise then, due to their busy schedule, that the band had to reschedule a number of interviews before we finally settled down on a park bench in Strathcona on the night of their album release gig for a little chat.

Keyboardist Kathryn Calder says that after their long time on the road supporting *Transporter*, the band's second self-released album, "Mint signed us because they were like, 'Wow, you just did, like, six months of touring in Canada!'" Most bands would balk at such a task, but as evidenced by this summer's lengthy tour schedule, Immaculate Machine can't wait to get in the van.

Brooke Gallupe, guitarist and lead singer, explains that success found them when they took things into their own hands. He says it is "the only way that anything has ever really happened for (the band)."

I had the pleasure of first meeting Gallupe a few

months earlier in the cozy and cluttered apartment he shares with his girlfriend Leslie, located above Victoria's most happening nightclub, the Red Jacket. Brooke is not entirely content with his living arrangements (as chronicled in the song, "Nothing Ever Happens," found on the band's new album), and seems rather conflicted about living in a lovely, but "dull" city on an island. These sentiments might help explain why he channels so much energy into the band he shares with drummer Luke Kozlowski and Calder. The sense that all three bandmates are aware of something bigger outside the confines of sunny Victoria is clear from listening to their albums and hearing them talk about their motivation to get out on the road.

Getting out of Victoria affords the band the opportunity to get noticed. While favourable reviews at Pitchfork and write-ups in national and U.S. magazines are always helpful, playing shows has proved to be the best way to amass their fan base.

"We were talking with the guy who owns Ditch records in Victoria, and he was saying that most of the people who buy records are over thirty," explains Kathryn. "It's hard to force kids to buy music. They won't, they'll just download it. Not necessarily download it for free, you can download it on iTunes and you're still supporting the band, but you just don't



bother walking down to the record store." Immaculate Machine's busy live schedule, peppered with all-ages shows whenever possible, ensures that, despite a downward trend in record sales across the board, they still stand a chance of making it.

continued on next page



Both Gallupe and Kozlowski are involved in a regular Sunday pickup game of baseball in Victoria. When they were in Vancouver early in May, the band organized a game at a local park, which afforded us a chance to experience the pleasure that is a good nine-inning excuse to drink beer, eat popcicles and run in base-dictated circles. My favourite aspect of the game was the "no strikes" rule, which might be a good metaphor for the way the band looks at the music scene.

Despite the frustrations, and necessity, of endless hard work and networking, everyone's outlook remains positive. This diligence has assured that with each new Immaculate Machine release, their fan base grows. The Fables release show, where the band shared the stage with Victoria, Victrola and Meatdraw, was a big success, but the reality is that that's not always the case with Immaculate Machine concerts. According to Calder, "You have to soldier through. You don't have to always soldier through them with the best attitude, but we try, because the 20 people paid to be there and they're there to see your band, so you'd better put on a show."

Gallupe counters with the optimistic: "Twenty people in a closet would be pretty awesome." But then he puts things into perspective, "We've had shows with 150 people that seemed pretty dead, because we were hoping for 500, or something."

Calder agrees, noting that when they draw "Forty people and it's packed because it's this little art space and everybody's sweaty and dancing around...you're like 'yeah!'"

Forty-person shows are a thing of the past for Immaculate Machine, though, as felicity has propelled the band and its members onward and upward. Calder has been a member of the New Pornographers for a couple of albums now, and she revealed that the New Pornographers' slot on the Glastonbury bill may have

aided in facilitating Immaculate Machine's mini tour of London. Regardless of how their first tour outside of North America came to be, nobody's looking that gift horse in the mouth. Connections born of Calder's New Pornographers gig also provided Immaculate Machine with the producers for their new record (they worked with Vancouver's JC/DC and the Hive in the past).

The band fits remarkably well on the Mint Records roster, as the label is a strong proponent of music that is, well, plain old fun. That's not to undermine the messages of the band's lyrics, which are often political or slightly cryptic. Though, as the band learns to collaborate on lyrics, they are becoming less serious. Calder jokes, "Brooke explains my songs to me sometimes. It's pretty funny."

Calder insists that the new album is "just a bunch of songs," and that, "We could pretend we had this big master plan for what we wanted our record to be, and a big concept or something, but we didn't. Even if you did have that, I guarantee that it wouldn't turn out like that."

So what did Fables turn out like? The album is 10 songs of gorgeously-orchestrated pop music, with the upbeat single, "Jarhand," that was given the honour of being an iTunes single of the week. It has enough additional toe-tappers to keep old fans hooked and to reel in new ones. The band had great support from iTunes, with the album being featured and the members being given a chance to create celebrity playlists to highlight their inspirations, both old and new.

When listening to Fables, Gallupe says it's best to keep in mind that the album is very much about the band, and not its influences. "It's about our travels. We travel a lot, and that's kind of what we do. And we write about fights we have with our girlfriends when away from home. And we write about just driving around and seeing crappy cities, and coming home to

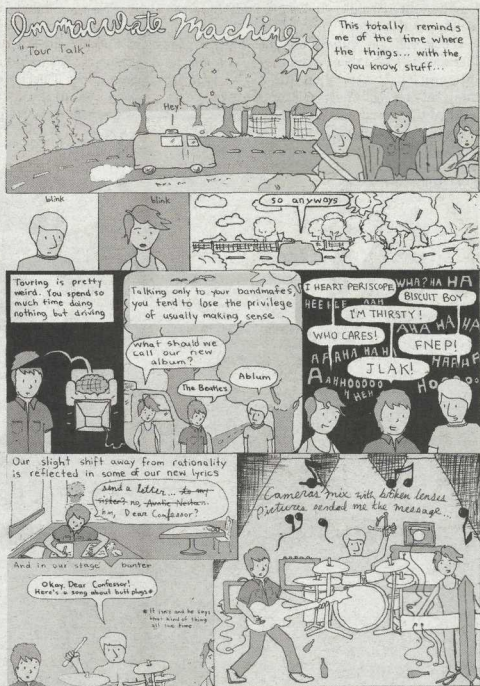


a boring but nice city. And being frustrated with the music business."

The band works together to craft solid songs that many music journalists have been wild about. But Kozlowski insists that isn't his motivation when creating music: "I consider myself an optimist, but we still have all of our challenges and we've still got to work through them and try to understand them. Music is a way of trying to work through that. It's pretty cathartic."

All three band members are hyper-aware of the changes Immaculate Machine has gone through since its inception in 2002. Says Gallupe, "You definitely want to progress and evolve and try and challenge yourself, and try and surpass what you did on your previous records." He adds that, thanks to the vast amounts of time spent together, the band is "more comfortable editing and vetoing each others' ideas, and stuff like that. So there's not as much of, 'Oh, I like the album, but I hate that part,' or whatever, on the newest album." This comes across loud and clear, as you can trace a real sense of continuity in the themes and sounds on Fables.

Whatever ambiguities are left for Immaculate Machine to sort out in their music, they have plenty of time to figure them out. Whether that be in the recording studio, sweating it out on the stage, waiting in line at the Schwarz Bay ferry terminal or chatting in the dugout on a sunny afternoon, a strong team mentality rules Immaculate Machine. It will surely help guide them through many more successful tours and albums. **D**



AM tape on the road with the Black

by Maya Miller of *the Black*

We have no band van. I repeat, we have no band van. We just played our 24th show this year on the vehicular graces of friends, family and a cab or two. On top of that, we have this addition: we just can't turn down one-off shows out of town. So, rather than renting a car, we instead invite a friend with a car to join us for the weekend—you know, to go somewhere else, to drink our free beer, to sell our merch and along the way to form a whole new bond through exchanged stories of barfing in and at inconvenient places and times. Recently, we played at Doc Willoughby's in Kelowna. This bar is a band's dream bar. They treat you like gold (no joke, can you marry a bar?). Kent McAllister (of Kent McAllister and His Iron Choir) was our buddy on the long ride up.

Our mix tape is a little slice of our road-trip weekend. Trust me, you shoulda seen the other guy.

"Mannish Boy" — Muddy Waters

Becky picked this as the first song in the van, putting the kibosh on Vivaldi.

"3799 James Road (Live)" — the Groundhogs

Shouts out to Stan at the Railway Club for enlightening us about the Groundhogs. This song is an epic 11-minute-plus jam out and has the best riff ever. I kid you not. If you're a musician, it makes you want to play. If you're not, I swear it'll make you want to learn to play something, anything. It's that good.

CITR RADIO JOB POSTING

CITR Radio, University of British Columbia's award winning and leading campus radio station is seeking applications from qualified candidates for the position of **Station Manager**.

Position Overview:

The Station Manager is responsible for the administration and operation of CITR Radio. She/He is responsible for the day-to-day management of the station, as well as its strategic direction.

Core responsibilities are as follows:

Operational:
* Oversee broadcast license renewals and amendments and present them to the Board of Directors for approval
* Monitor CRTC decisions, and be present at pertinent CRTC hearings
* Analyze, report, and resolve listener complaints
* Oversee and collaborate with the programming, music, training and engineering departments
* Oversee Disorder Magazine operations as the Publisher's representative
* Maintain relations with other campus/community radio stations, the NCR and other relevant media stakeholders
* Seek opportunities to be visible at campus and community events.

Managerial:

* Develop and/or update policies as required by the station and directed by the Board
* Prepare annual budgets for approval by the Board
* Seek Board of Directors approval and track all expenditures, ensuring they adhere to budget
* Prepare weekly and monthly financial transactions including deposits, check requisitions and invoices through AMS processes and systems
* Develop new long and short term fundraising initiatives
* Manage the annual funding drive including staff/volunteer recruitment, sponsorship solicitation, development of materials and documents for programmers, volunteers and listeners
* Manage contract staff, interns and volunteer staff
* Ensure that the station's HR policy is adhered to
* Liaise with the AMS for all payroll transactions
* Develop and submit proposals for staff recruitment through HRDC, workstudy and other employment funding programs
* Implement directives from Board of Directors
* Organize special projects in connection with the Radio Station as required
* Work with Engineering and IT Consultants to ensure that the station's broadcast and digital facilities meet programming requirements.

Communication & Promotion:

* Act as communication liaison with the AMS, the University, businesses, community organizations and members
* Act as liaison and maintain effective relations with the Alma Mater Society
* Coordinate internal communication related to staff, the Board, the Executive, programmers and CITR members
* Ensure open lines of communication between staff and station members
* Oversee the development and management of communication services including CITR websites, listerves, databases and press releases
* Manage promotional services including events, on/off campus activities, campaigns including Friends of CITR program, giveaways and station merchandise
* Provide consultation in promotional and advertising negotiations
* Oversee the creation of press releases and other media documentation
* Liaise with AMS and UBC Archives for maintenance of CITR memorabilia and historical documents.

Performance Requirements:

* Excellent strategic management and leadership skills
* Very strong knowledge of and experience in a campus and/or community radio setting
* A thorough understanding of the role played by community-based campus broadcasters
* Strong knowledge of the CRTC, particularly its policies pertaining to campus-based community radio
* Strong understanding of information and communication technologies and their applications in campus community radio
* Strong knowledge of budgetary processes, human resource management, policy development and project management
* Excellent communication, interpersonal and organizational skills
* Experience working with boards and committees
* Strong Computer skills: MS Office, databases, web, e-mail
* Broadcasting technical skills and/or familiarity with broadcasting equipment and their applications is desired
* Prior or current radio programming experience in campus/community radio an asset
* Must have the ability to work well with a wide variety of people and in a busy work environment
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"Rock Around The Clock" — Bill Haley and the Comets

I absolutely dare you to not dance in your seat. Impossible.

"Sky of God Master" — Hellsing Soundtrack

An absolutely brilliant piece of music from the Anime series Hellsing. Melancholy and hopeful at the same time—especially when the ghouls chime in.

"Don't Stop Believin'" — Journey

Journey and the open road... nuff said.

"Have Love Will Travel" — the Sonics

Props to the Black Keys for covering this song really well, and yet nothing beats this version done by the Sonics. This guy's screams are so righteous.

"Bag & Bone" — the White Stripes

This call and answer song from Icky Thump is the Stripes getting back to what they do best. You can practically hear their smiles. Plus, it made Kent giggle.

"Cigaro" — System of A Down

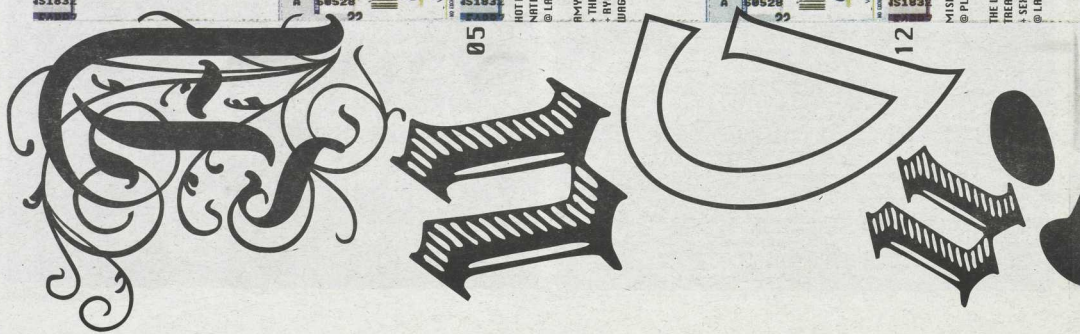
You might think, huh? But if you know us, you're all like, "Yeah, duh."

"Leave Her Alone" — Junior Kimbrough

This man was brilliant and the world is a sadder place without him. If you don't know Junior, make it your goal to know him.

"Last Living Souls" — Gorillaz

This is one of the last songs I remember hearing before it was my turn to drive and everyone fell asleep on me. My only regret is that I didn't grab my coffee before Kent passed out on it.



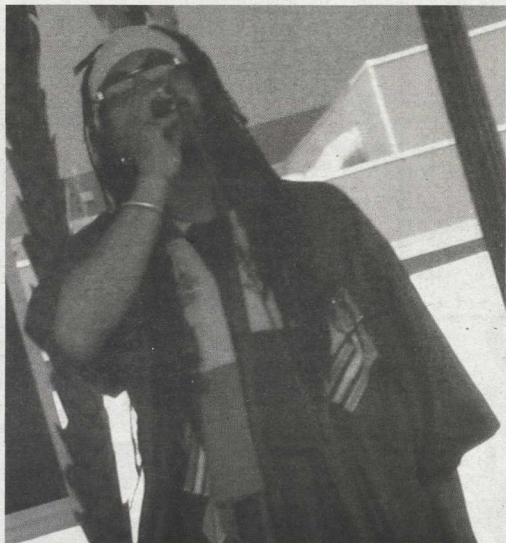
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[illegible]

13th Annual Reggae Festival



Words and Images July 15, 2007
by Sarshar Kasseinnia 224th Street in Maple Ridge



Each year, Maple Ridge hosts a party, a Mardi Gras-like carnival to celebrate the summer. It brings out the town folk in a fun-filled day of unity and music hosted by local businesses, as well as entertainment provided by part-time musicians from in and around Vancouver. The theme of the day was reggae, but the day also offered up calypso, Brazilian salsa, big band and soca music. As well as live music, there were vendors selling authentic Caribbean food, clothing and beads, along with street entertainers and kids rides all sharing one jam-packed street.

Although the layout was basically the same as last year, you could sense that the festival had drawn a larger portion of the community. More than 18,000 people attended, and stayed late for the salsa dancing and a form of Caribbean dance called "winding." They also stayed in anticipation of the draw to win a trip to Cuba, which took place at the close of the show.

Midday celebrations began with Bounty Hunt, whose late arrival allowed the Pizza Jerk's owner to soundly deliver a taste of his dub and dancehall tunes from the decks. Bounty Hunt was technically sound, but what was really impressive was the contribution made by Hunt's DJ, BK Da Black King, who picked up the crowd and sped up the dancing with his body-rocking freestyling. They electrified the crowd in attendance, which was taking advantage of the recent heat wave, as well as these tunes.

Once the first act was done, all eyes turned to the main stage, where Tropical Heat brought their steel-drum act to the festival for the first time. They engaged the audience in a communal dance, and their act provided a rich soundtrack to the proceedings. It also helped set the bar for the rest of the day.

The party continued with limbo dancing and the music of La Candela, but it was the sound coming from the gospel band Caribbean Redeemers and their roots-reggae style that really embodied the Caribbean mood.

Once that music stopped, most people headed for the main stage to see the performance by the Marlin Ramazzini Band and Carl's Sound Vibes. During their set, large chunks of the crowd were dancing up at the front of the stage, where the party had found its rhythm. Maffie had succeeded in gathering members of the audience up on the stage to "large it up," while individuals showcased their winding talents in the front row. The Brazilian dancers also made their way up onto the stage, along with the Phase III Steelband and, and helped cap off a fine day of partying.

Roll on to the Reggae Festival next year. It is a great opportunity to lively up yourself!



by Greg
McMullen

Music and math run hand in hand, and Dan Snaith is living proof. Two years ago, Snaith, better known as Caribou and formerly as Manitoba, completed his PhD in mathematics at London Imperial College, specializing in what he calls the "arcane subject" of algebraic number theory. Since then, he has been working on his latest album, *Andorra*, set to be released on Aug. 21 on Merge Records.

Snaith's first album, *Start Breaking My Heart*, was released in 2001 under the name Manitoba. Glitchy, yet well structured and ever so easy to listen to, the album was well received by critics and fans alike. After a second critically acclaimed release as Manitoba, Snaith had a run-in with a Manitoba of another kind—"Handsome Dick" Manitoba of the '70s punk band, the Dictators.

Dick threatened Snaith with a trademark-infringement lawsuit. Rather than challenge the litigious punk in court, Snaith changed his name. He says that the experience was, "intensely frustrating for a short period of time. He [Handsome Dick] had a lawyer working pro bono for him—a really reputable trademark lawyer—and I just didn't have the funds to take it to court. I didn't have the resources to fight it, but would I really want to spend a year in litigation with this person whom I had no interest in even interacting with at all? Once I thought about it in that light, I was like, 'This isn't something that's worth wasting that much time over.'"

Since the change, Snaith hasn't looked back. Taking the time and energy that could have been wasted on prolonged legal wrangling, he produced *The Milk of Human Kindness*, releasing it to rave reviews under the name Caribou. Since then, he finished his PhD studies in London and turned to working full time on recording his second album as Caribou, *Andorra*.

Before this new release, Snaith had to balance recording with his PhD studies. Completion of the degree then left him with more time to focus on making music: "I literally worked on music every single day, probably six or seven days a week, from January 2006 to January 2007, all the time. I'm an obsessive, workaholic person, so maybe it's a bit unhealthy that I didn't have something else to balance me out. I became this hermit and was recording and recording and recording all the time, but it's always what I wanted to do. It's a luxury to be able to spend your full-time recording, so I'm very happy with it."

Though his sound has changed with every album, the production end has always been consistently obvious. The first thing that many fans will notice is that *Andorra* is less about beats and blips, and focuses more on melodies and vocals. In fact, narrative can be found in almost every track, along with a distinctly 1960s psych-pop sound.

"The new album is based on writing songs. Not in the sense of the lyrics, but songs in the sense of fitting melodies and chord changes and harmonies and counter-harmonies—all those compositional ideas. They aren't so much about production. In the past, my records were more about being interesting combinations of sounds. But I've been going back and listening to songs more about the way they're written than about the way they're produced."

Fans of Caribou shouldn't look for anything autobiographical in the stories found in *Andorra*, however. Instead, the album is about what Snaith calls "the sensation of making music" rather than the lyrical content.

"To me, the interesting thing is, if you write down words about a very sad experience in your life or a very happy experience in your life, it's very easy to see how that would be a good starting point. There's an obvious starting point to some sad music or some happy music. It's a way in," he says.

Instead, Snaith attempts to create a mood first, then build his stories and characters just enough to help flesh out that feeling. "The stories and the characters in the songs, are just sketched out to evoke whatever feeling the music's giving me rather than the other way around."

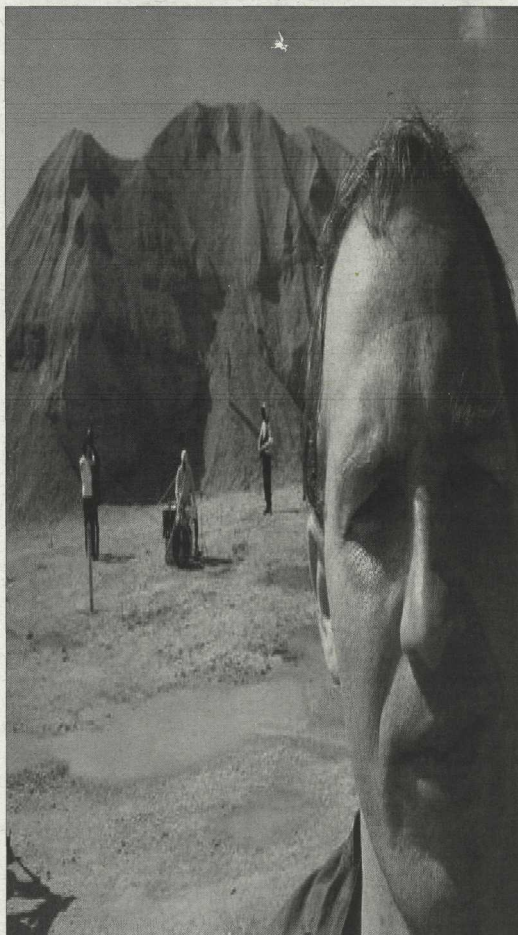
"The music that I love the most in the world are the kind of pop songs that, when you listen to them, you get a lump in your throat or you get really sad, or euphoric, or both at the same time—music that's really affecting. And the way I make music is a head-space thing, where I just get lost in messing around with musical ideas. If it's going well, it has some kind of emotional effect on me, and I'll be jumping up and down with headphones on in the middle of the night, or it'll make me melancholy. So getting into that, working almost until there's some kind of trance-like state working on me, until it has that kind of effect, is what really inspires me about making music and what excites me about making music. And that kind of eureka moment of something really working, and everything really coming together...it's escapism, from whatever you're feeling to something else entirely."

This escapism might help explain the geographical nature of much of Snaith's work. Many of his song titles are taken from places—"Dundas, Ontario" is a track on his debut album; Drumheller, a small town in Alberta's Badlands known for dinosaurs and a yearly outdoor passion play, lends its name to a song on *The Milk of Human Kindness*. Other song titles include references to dirt roads and mountains. Even Snaith's old name, Manitoba, is a nod to a physical place. The new album, *Andorra*, takes his geographical fixation a bit further, providing a physical context in which to start exploring Caribou's work.

The name of the album comes from the tiny principality wedged between France and Spain in the Pyrenees Mountains. *Andorra* might sound like a beautiful place, but when Snaith travelled there in the middle of recording the album, he was surprised to find this was not the case.

continued on next page

The "Melody Day" video shoot (www.caribou.fm).



Calculating

How

continued from page 15

"It's set in an amazing mountain landscape, but it's a really horrible place. It's just tax havens, so it's all cheap duty-free stores and crappy knick-knacks and tourist stuff and memorabilia and souvenirs. It was actually very different from the place that I imagined in my head. But when I'm making music, it's all about escaping the reality that I'm recording in—this crappy little room in my apartment, or whatever—and escaping to that place in my head to enjoy making music. So the Andorra in the title is far more about that place than it is about the physical place in Europe."

Some of Snaith's influences are easy to spot. His earlier work drew heavily from the Warp Records style of droning electronic dreamscapes and Boards of Canada, while Andorra clearly borrows from melodic trance music and 1960s psychedelic pop. However, some of the other influences are harder to spot.

"I became really obsessed with the films of Werner Herzog in the past year...I watched 50 or 60 of his films and read everything I could about him, or written by him, and somehow that was really inspiring," he explains. "The kind of weird, metaphorical movies that you can't really pin down. There's some kind of mysterious quality about them that was really inspiring for making music."

During recording, Snaith was also listening to a lot of James Holden, "who makes a kind of electronic dance music that's kind of minimal but also influenced by trance music. Lots of euphoric synths, but everything is almost falling apart all the time, then building and falling apart."

Andorra is being distributed by Merge, which is a first for Snaith. Hooking up with Merge had little effect on the work he did on the album, however, as it was largely completed before he even started to shop it around to labels.

"It was kind of like, 'Well, here's the record, are you interested in it?' And they said straight away, 'Yeah, we love it. We would love to work together.' And, obviously, I'm a huge fan of a lot of the records that they've released over the years, so it felt like a really natural home. But when I was making the record, it was just me."

Right now, Snaith and his band are preparing for a long fall tour, supported by Born Ruffians. He says that fans can expect the live version of Caribou to be in top form by the time to tour opens.

"We're rehearsing for the next month and a half with the band, from 9 in the morning to 8 at night. Every single night, every single day, seven days a week. I'm a pretty notorious taskmaster with the rehearsals. I like to get in there and really play."

The tour is starting off in the U.K. in September and winding through Europe before heading through North America in October and November. A Vancouver stop is planned for Oct. 30 at Richard's on Richards, just in time for a Halloween bash. If your city isn't on the schedule yet, don't despair. Caribou plans to take their show further.

"That's really just the beginning of the touring, and then we're going to keep going from there. It is gruelling, but I really love that. I'm the kind of person who never sits still, never does nothing."

For fans of Snaith's work, there's more good news. He plans to continue working with Merge in the future, saying that, "they're definitely musician-friendly." He does not plan to return to the scholarly world of mathematics any time soon. For now, music will continue to be his career. "I'm just doing what I enjoy, and I've been lucky enough that it pays the bills, to this point." **b**

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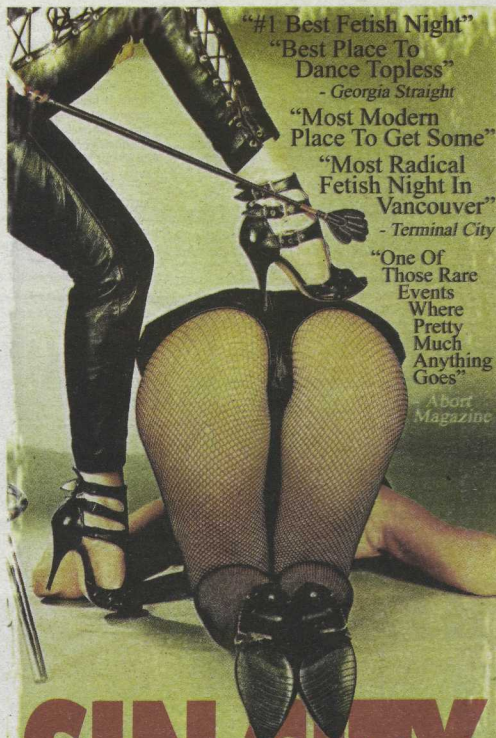
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HEY

Tratado de impaciencia

No. 15

por Alex Tornillo

Alex Tornillo es productor y locutor del programa de radio *Salario Mínimo* que se transmite los Martes de 8 a 10 de la noche por medio del 101.9 FM.

En 1998 la TBC Band (Takis' Care of Business por sus siglas en inglés), junto con el Stamp, J. D. Sumner y los coros de Sweet Inspirations se juntaron en el Radio City Music Hall de NY para ordenar aún más leche a la memoria del Rey: Elvis Presley.

Todo artista famoso que muere antes de tiempo es una mina de oro y estos lo sabían, decidieron hacer un tour mundial fundamentados en esa idea de que ciertos recuerdos tienen mucha leche que ordenar. La banda original del Rey salió al escenario mientras que 3 pantallas gigantes proyectaban a Elvis Presley cantando en diferentes épocas de su carrera, unas en el concierto de Hawaii, otras cuando ya estaba más regordete, según la época de la canción. En un momento del concierto el Rey dijo "Me han estado viendo durante toda la noche, ahora quiero saber cómo se ven ustedes" e iluminaron al gentío que estalló en una explosión de gritos y aplausos.

Este concepto no es nuevo y en realidad no fue tan bueno como el de la Princesa Leia que era proyectada a través de R2D2 mientras decía "Ayúdame Obi Wan Kenobi, eres mi única

esperanza." Elvis no salió al escenario convertido en holograma 3D como la Princesa Leia, sino que en pantallas gigantes, rompiendo así el record mundial de asistencia en un concierto virtual y se podrán imaginar un escenario con banda pero sin cantante.

Elvis, El Rey, aquel blanco que cantaba como negro y movía las caderas como reumático se convirtió en una leyenda cantando canciones que jamás escribió, así que lo único que decía, era, en consecuencia, dicho por otros. En el concierto, la realidad alcanzó nuevos límites: un cantante que no existe dijo, durante dos horas, palabras que no eran suyas.

¿Qué tanto se puede confiar en las palabras del Rey virtual? poco, exactamente lo mismo que en las palabras de cualquier otro que no es famoso pero que sigue vivo y que tendría que pasar un milagro para que sea apodado 'el rey'. Muchas veces se habla de una cosa para decir otra; las palabras funcionan para decir, en la misma medida que funcionan para no decir, porque son dichas, o no dichas

por personas que andan haciendo, frente a uno o frente a otro lo mismo que hizo Elvis con los que asistieron al tour mundial, decir palabras, sin decirlos.

Hace unos años leí un libro originalmente titulado *Doce Cuentos Peregrinos* del maestro García Márquez, en uno de los cuentos, llamado *La Bella Durmiente*, el Gato hace referencia a otro libro del escritor japonés Yasunari Kawabata en el cual se describe un ritual rarísimo donde los viejos japoneses frecuentaban un prostíbulo donde las putas, que aún no llegaban a la edad legal, estaban dormidas, sedadas bajo una pócima mágica y jamás interactuaban con el cliente. No las podían tocar, despertar y ni siquiera lo intentaban. El rito consistía en recostarse junto a la puta que estaba desnuda en la misma cama mientras ella dormía, contemplándola durante horas y llenarse de su energía, pasado un tiempo el viejo tomaba una pastilla que era propiamente colocada debajo de la almohada para que, a su vez, el viejo fuera drogado y cayera dormido. A la mañana siguiente el viejo despertaba solo en su cama con un dolor de cabeza como si le hubieran dado una paliza. En otras palabras, la puta había hecho su trabajo sin decir una sola palabra, estando, prácticamente, en la misma cama en forma virtual sin darse cuenta siquiera que sin haber dicho dijo tantas cosas.

Y así como en el caso de Elvis Presley, que habló desde ultratumba, no podemos dar cuenta que en realidad no importa de dónde vienen las palabras que son dichas, o no dichas, para que tengan un efecto, ya sea este a una multitud enajenada por un Rey virtual o a un viejo raro verde que paga por robarle los sueños a una puta dormida.

Porque habrá veces que no es necesario decir una sola palabra para decirlo todo, pero eso no es lo importante, lo que verdaderamente importa es que quien escucha (o en este caso lee) esas palabras haga de ellas lo que tenga que hacer.



Decir sin haber dicho. Foto por Laura Cuello

HEY

IT'S MY NORTHERN WISH: MY LIFE AT THE CANADIAN WAY

by Spike

Spike hosts The Canadian Way Friday evenings, 6-7:30 p.m., bringing you new and not-so-new independent Canadian music, from all genres, on CTR 101.9 FM.

First off, I'd like to introduce myself and my show for those who are unfamiliar. I am Spike and have been doing campus radio since 1994, when I started my original rock and punk show, *Spike's Musical Pins and Needles Show*, at the University of Victoria's CFUV. I came to CTR in 1998, where I continued that show until 1999, when I switched my format to independent Canadian music ("IndieCan," in *The Canadian Way's* lexicon), noting that CTR was lacking Canadian representation. The new show was called *The Northern Wish*. In 2003, I retired that name and the ornate Rheotaxis theme songs, and it became *The Canadian Way*.



1 to r: The Canadian Way's host, Spike, with Tim Chan of local band China Syndrome on the July 27 show.

The Canadian Way's eponymous theme song, by Winnipeg's Guy Smiley, is about the Jets leaving Manitoba for Arizona and how the U.S. has always managed to screw Canada over. I thought the song encapsulated perfectly what I feel is *The Canadian Way's* indieCan ethic: hyping our independent Canadian music scene in order to promote and protect it.

Fans of *The Canadian Way* will know that this summer has been chock full of in-studio and call-in guests. In the last couple of months, I have featured interviews with the Pack, Lightning Dust, Go Ghetto Tiger, Carolyn Mark, Shapes and Sizes, the Hits, and China Syndrome. But that's not all you can expect from CTR's flagship indieCan show. On the August 24 edition of the show, I will be chatting with Marc Morrisette of Octoberman and, play tunes from, the band's brand new album, *Run From Safety*. I also hope to have in Caleb Stoll of Parloir Steps to talk about their new album, *Ambiguous*, and their recent tour. Still also won a big songwriting competition recently, so we'll find out more about that, too.

If you want to find out more about what's going on in the world of *The Canadian Way*, check out the show's web page at: myspace.com/canadianway.

Anyone wanting to request indieCan music, or give me feedback, can email *The Canadian Way* at: thecanadianway@popstar.com. Cheers, and keep it Canadian!

UNDER REVIEW UNDER REVIEW UNDER REVIEW UNDER REVIEW UNDER REVIEW UNDER REVIEW UNDER

Azeda Booth

Mysterious Body
[Independent]

On initial listens, Azeda Booth's Mysterious Body comes across like the Icelandic bastard child of electronica, fathered by Warp Records and birthed (appropriately enough) by some amalgamation of the band Mum. But this band doesn't reside within the Arctic Circle nor are they signed to a dance label from the U.K. Azeda Booth are from Calgary, and despite the obvious influences, this new EP delivers a fresh blend of material and a new, developing sound.

Of the disc's five tracks, three are instrumental and placed symmetrically at the beginning, middle and end of the recording,

All three contain warm synths reverberating against tinkling percussive beats. Jumbling away in the background, these clanking rhythms sound like the work of deranged birds set loose on a collection of half-empty milk bottles or the hollow clatter of a heap of wooden blocks being thrown down the stairs. Significantly though, none of these instrumental tracks create a sense of dissonance by putting melody in complete conflict with the percussion like some of Autecore's more discordant numbers, for example, with their loose tool-kit-in-the-washing-machine modulation. The first track with vocals, "Landscape (With Grass)," builds with chiming guitar patterns and a fragile falsetto and is the most traditional song on the EP. The second song with

vocals, "Dead Girls," is glitchy, keyboard driven, and throbs over and underneath the same fragile falsetto that sounds female but is in fact male.

As diverse as these songs may be to one another, the mix of styles on Mysterious Body is refreshing. The arrangements and experimentation have enough charm and intricacy to surpass the more pedestrian constraints of imitation. At times, the band may sound like the conjoined amalgamation of their influences, but for the most part, this release shows the potential for something unique and exciting.

—Christian Martius

Caribou

Andorra
[Merge]

Dan Snaith, formerly known as Manitoba and now as Caribou, has developed his sound with each and every album. From the drone, ambient electronics of *Start Breaking My Heart* to the trip-hop experimental beats and rhythms of *The Milk of Human Kindness*, you can never be sure what to expect from a Snaith album. Andorra is no exception and is perhaps the sharpest break from previous work yet.

Andorra is a move away from the production-driven electro psychedelia Snaith produced in the past. With this album, he's focused more on melodic '60s-inspired psychedelic pop—an

unholy union of Beach Boys and Boards of Canada. Lyrics play a much greater role in this new offering, with almost every song unveiling its own mysterious and romantic narrative to accompany the soundscape. The first single, "Melody Day," opens the album by launching recklessly into a lovestruck verse, and Snaith doesn't look back once. The entire album is full of unapologetic romanticism. While this could easily be unbearably sappy, the deep, lush instrumentals allow you to become lost in the sentiment.

This album is bound to disappoint some of his fans, but Snaith doesn't seem to be worried about that. "I really worked hard on editing things like as much as possible, kinda cramming in as much into as short a space in time as pos-

able, leaving no flab on the track. "So if it's on there, I want you to hear it," he says, and he's right. Every single note is full of beauty.

— Greg McMullen

Family Force 5

Business Up Front/Party in the Back

[Maverick/Goatee Records]

"Ugly people put your hands down"—such delightful examples of sass-mouth are repeatedly dished out by the Family Force 5 on their album *Business Up Front/ Party in the Back*. But before you can evaluate the commentary in this review, watch the band play. There's a certain je ne sais quel about a skinny, Caucasian hipster from Georgia rapping in a pink T-shirt and purple pants that simply can't be expressed through recorded sound or written word.

Business Up Front/Party in the Back is a collection of 15 songs by Family Force 5, which mixes elements of hip-hop and synth-rock in an exaggerated but undeniably infectious way. The band proves that somewhat cliché instrumentation and lyrics can be done in a clever fashion, especially when paired with xylophone and speak-and-spell sound bytes. The album pokes fun at the upbeat-music-with-angry-lyrics notion that makes traditional rap-rock so unbearable. Family Force 5 knows their music is over the top, but that's the point.

This album requires you to take a leap of faith. To make the plunge less intimidating, start the album on track 5, "Put Ur Hands Up," and work your way back around. Jumping right in at "Cadillac Phunkee" and "Kountry Gentleman" may be too much of an initial shock, especially with lyrics like "You're just another redneck from back in the woods/Not a country gentleman that can bring the gods." A huge part of Family Force 5's appeal comes when the album is put in its proper context. Just like how their live set was a welcome contrast to a somewhat repetitive Warped Tour lineup, *Business Up Front/Party in the Back* will cast the same magic on your iPod. The power of this album is not fully realized until it is sandwiched between the wispy-waspy stylings of Falco and Feist. Trust me, Leslie don't rap like this.

— Danielle R.

Fridge

The Sun
[Temporary Residence]

Touted as the first Fridge album in nearly six years, *The Sun* marks the return of Kieran

Hebden (Four Tet) and Adam Ilhan (Adem) to their original launch-site band. Since Fridge's last record (2001's *Happiness*), both artists have had success individually or in participation with high-profile figures, such as Radiohead, Steve Reid and David Byrne; and this new release can't help but be marred by the burden and consequence of these separate triumphs. Rather than being an inspired continuation of previous endeavours, *The Sun works* in showcasing fresh techniques, competence gained elsewhere and a six-year absence of participation that seems to have removed the alchemy of the band dynamic.

Much of what has been produced mimics what has been absorbed in the time between the two aforementioned Fridge albums. The imaginative patterns of percussion aren't so dissimilar from the instrumental tinkering found on Kieran Hebden's work with Steve Reid, and the folk ambience of tracks like "Our Place in This" and "Years and Years and Years" does correspond to equivalent material by both Four Tet and Adem. As singular songs, most of the tracks are interesting as opposed to captivating, and for all presentation of ability, there is nothing that galvanizes the album together as a whole. There may be a residing krautrock influence in the use of recurrent drum and guitar rhythms, but the jarring oscillation between the sequencing of jazz-drug workouts and folk atmospheres cause attempts at overall coherence to disintegrate.

If it wasn't for the baggage associated with this release, *The Sun* could be mistaken as a ramshackle compilation of old B-sides, with no defining consistency and a little underwhelming. As a brand new Fridge album, *The Sun* is too disjointed to work as the great return of a lost band. The jumbled mess of content typifies the nature of this reformation, which seems to be based on celebrated solo adventures and not the experience of shared creativity. For members of Fridge, collaboration seems to be about where they are and not about where they were, which would be admirable if the notion was encompassed within the band.

— Christian Martius

Gogol Bordello

Super Taranta!
[Side One Dummy]

Gogol Bordello have always presented us with something different—maybe a little too different. So when they released their fifth album, *Super Taranta!*, what

do we expect? The best, of course. And as far as I'm concerned, they delivered.

Tracks like "Wonderlust King" and "Your Country" prove that Gogol Bordello mean business, and that their passion for music is so strong that everything they produce sounds good. Every track on *Super Tarenta!* explodes with essence and power. Even if you can't understand what vocalist Eugene Hutz is saying, you feel the force of every guitar riff and violin solo. *Super Tarenta!* has the chops to satisfy Gogol's cult-like fan base, while at the same time intriguing a whole new audience of fans who crave something original.

Gogol are infamous for breaking barriers by mixing genres like punk and Ukrainian folk to create their signature "gypsy-punk" style. This shines through more than ever on this record, with songs like "Ultimate" and "Zina Marina" showcasing the bands extreme skill and knowledge of music. *Super Taranta!* may not change the world, but it could very well change you. Keep an open mind. You never know what could happen.

—*Meq Bourne*

I Dilla

Jay Love Japan
[Operation Unknown]

What a piece of art. J Dilla's *Jay Love Japan* is yet another example of the legacy this man left behind. His beats scream the sound of a new hip-hop era—an era where sound is hitting with the heavy force of pure soul. Sure, it may sound like a bit of a cliché, but there is no other way to explain what J Dilla brought to the hip-hop arena. His work was a part of a new generation of hip-hop music—one that resurrected and redefined the sound by bringing us beats with a bit more soul at times and a bit more synth at others. With songs such as "Yesterday" and "Believe in God," *Jay Love Japan* shows us the soul. While other tracks like "In the Streets" and "First Time" offer us a sound described by *Stones Throw* founder Peanut Butter Wolf as "80s industrial-goth stuff."

Yet *Jay Love Japan*, while fun and enlightening, is also a bit discouraging. Two of the tracks, "Say It" (featuring Ta Raach and Exile) and "First Time" (with Baatin and The Ruckazoid), include disappointing rhymes by artists who likely would have never worked with Jay Dilla, doing little justice to the man behind the beat. Thankfully, there is an instrumental version of "Say It" at the end of the album. And honestly,

these tracks would have been best left as instrumentals because they stand stronger on their own. But despite its disappointments, *Jay Love Japan* is a treat for the ears. Unfortunately, it may never hit the shelves because of constant delays in the release date. So if you can't find it, download it. But you didn't hear this from me.

—C, Carr

The Leftovers

On the Move
[Pias / Wall Of Sound]

My roommate brought this album home a couple weeks ago and put it on the stereo. The first song really grabbed my attention, but then the record kept playing and I realized that it is by far the worst song on the album. It's a very good song, but then hit hit hit hit. This is the best new band I've heard in two years. This is a catchy fusion of punk-rock and power-pop, featuring girl-meeting and girl-loosing songs that somehow come across as fresh. The harmonies are oldies-influenced without being campy. Both singing members have great voices. And the songwriting calls to mind the better songs by early Elvis Costello and The Pointed Sticks. The musicianship is equally good. I've listened to this straight through about once a day for the past two weeks, and I'm not about to stop now. Buy it.

—Justin Banal

Parlour Steps

Ambiguo
[Scratch Records]

The fourth full-length album from Vancouver natives Parlor Steps is a thoughtful, shifting drama, soon to be a favourite among fans of the Arcade Fire. Distributed by Scratch Records, but recorded and produced by members of the band, *Ambiguous* showcases the group's musicality, as well as Caleb Stull's excellent songwriting. The play of Julie Bavalis's (bass) voice against the male vocals, as well as the heavy, elegant tone, give for a sound reminiscent of Stars or A Northern Chorus. There are several standout tracks on the album, including "The Garden," a song like a child skipping in too-big shoes, shuffling and lilt-ing. Also notable is "Thieves of Memory," a swaggering, shadowy horns-and-hand-clap tune.

While some songs feel too long and repetitive to hold an interest, most tracks are clean and well developed. Stull's smart lyrics are another element that make the record. "An orgasm ain't success/However, feels close enough in this cold weather," he sings

on "There But For the Grace." "A Pagan and a Cook," a tango-esque brooder that exits with a mini-ac-cordion outro, is a fitting closer to an excellent album.

— Amelia Butcher

Shit Disco

Kingdom of Fear
[fierce panda]

A barrage of clean drums and anthemic vocals open Shit Disco's dance-floor disaster of a disc. The ridiculous "I Know Kung Fu" line from *The Matrix* is sung and shouted repeatedly over the slowly building and shuffling track. It's good for a quick adrenaline rush and head shake, and then I get quickly tired of it. I'm into the rest of the disc, though, and it's still rock-disco—maybe like a sped up, slightly rockier LCD Soundsystem. The lyrics, when you read them on their own, are embarrassingly bad. When combined with the high intensity of the music, however, everything gels nicely, and the distorted bass and lightning fast hi-hats become compelling. The total effect is a bit corny and lacks subtlety, although with dance music, this isn't necessarily a bad thing. I can see myself dancing to this at a show. *Kingdom of Fear* retains a punk sensibility, while taking on the fervor and synthetic sounds of '80s dance music. Shit Disco would be worth seeing live, but for full-length dance music albums, there are many great full-lengths out there that this can't shake loose in their vie for shelf space.

— Arthur K

Ben Weasel

These Ones are Bitter
[Mendota Recording]

Ok, so going solo can't be fun. It's sort of a no-win. If you sound at all like you did in your previous bands (in this case, Screeching Weasel and The Riverdales), people wonder why you bothered and say you've got no new tricks. If you try something new, people get mad that it doesn't sound like some record you made 20 years ago (in this case, *Boogadaboogadaboogad!*). This record, however, is great. Ben Weasel hired musicians who can play stuff that many alumni of his band might have found challenging, and then wrote more complex, carefully arranged songs. Yes, it *does* sound more-or-less like Screeching Weasel without the comic relief. This is not a bad thing. Great lyrics, great music and better singing make this digital-only release worth signing up for iTunes for.

— Justin Banal

REAL LIVE ACTION! REAL LIVE ACTION! REAL LIVE ACTION!

DESTROYER
CHAD VAN GAEL
(SLED ISLAND MUSIC FESTIVAL)

JUNE 28
GRACE PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH, CALGARY AB

It is contrived to immediately compare a show in a church to a religious experience. There was, however, something truly messianic about a heavily bearded Dan Bejar. The way the crowd hung off of his every word, the same way sweat dangled off of each and every person privy to the event. Bejar, performing as Destroyer, said little but drew laughs and applause at every turn, and with every song. The spectators behaved just as politely as the building's usual patrons would. Bejar proved why, despite his enigmatic nature and spare live performances, it is worth over-emphasized courtesy to behold his swirling songs.

Chad VanGaelen took the stage after a Destroyer encore. Bejar joked that the crowd was "cheating themselves out of an intermission" by wooing him back to the stage. VanGaelen's closing slot was likely more about Bejar's aversion to live performances than the Calgarian's hometown popularity. He did produce an entertaining set that was lengthier than his predecessors', but less captivating, even with his use of a gallimaufry of instruments and miscellaneous displays. VanGaelen drew laughter in a more calculated way, and his on-stage banter and witty, playful lyrics flowed beautifully and whimsically. Both of the night's main acts shone in the organ-equipped room with majestic acoustics and reached the audience fantastically. Perhaps even on a spiritual level.

— Pádraig Watson

THE ALBUM LEAF
UNDER BYEN

JULY 14
THE PLAZA

Denmark's Under Byen seem like an interesting aural prospect when the eight members of the band appear. Two drummers, a man with a cello and another with a violin join a singer, keyboardist and a pair of guitarists to make the stage look a little smaller. They play what sounds like Björk fronting Sigur Ros playing "Venus in Furs." Such a categorization may be a little too general for a band that swaps instruments or thumps the drums as if it's mimicking the footsteps of heavy giants.

However, the group's arrangements are one-dimensional in tone and the tempos are steady and dull. There isn't enough in the songs to divert the attention from such generalizations. The band may create an adequate mood, but after a handful of brooding songs that don't go anywhere but onto the next brooding session, there is nothing to hold anyone's attention other than an accompanying yelping voice.

At first, the Album Leaf gives a more spirited performance. Gorgeous melodies build to become pretty piano crescendos and continue to build, while added guitar and electronic adornments dress the sound

in a refined space. Most of the performance consists of the enveloping resonance of the Rhodes piano, as it echoes onward, constructing a collection of musical journeys, some with vocals and some without.

The problem is, like Under Byen, the Album Leaf's songs create tonal repetitions instead of contrasts. The rising waves of interstellar electronics have no attributed musical dissemination, or even a release that isn't constrained by surge after surge of endless piano-led ascents. The band may enjoy its journeys, and by their blissed-out eyes-half-closed mouth-ajar expressions on stage, it looks like it does. Unfortunately, due to their lack of destination, the songs lose their instrumental radiance and end up meandering in a realm of missed opportunities.

By the end of the concert, one of the long musical passages is disturbed by a 20-second squeal of welcome feedback before it returns to wallow and wander in a domain that by now has become tired and monotonous. This brief disturbance gives relief and hints at what is missing here in its most basic configuration. Interesting soundscapes are constructed with engaging details, but these realms are unable to develop—save the odd screech of feedback—beyond the limitations of their self-imposed form.

— Christian Martius

BAND OF HORSES
A DECENT ANIMAL

JULY 1
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

Ah, Canada Day, an event filled with domestic beer, flag-waving, barbecues, smiling families and bearded South Carolinian rock bands with animalian names. On the latest confederation celebration, Band of Horses graced the nation with their first Vancouver show, and it was a good one.

Openers, and fellow South Carolinians, A Decent Animal, were an apt pairing for BOH and a pleasant surprise. On record, their lengthy passages of stylized, spaced-out Southern prog don't have much of a payoff, but thankfully they were much more impressive live.

The band could really play—particularly the bassist, whose unconventional chords and fretwork did the double duty of driving the songs and adding flourishes normally augmented by lead guitar. A Decent Animal's comparability to BOH is perhaps limited to the wistful vocal delivery and shared geography. Their sound is more astral and nocturnal, their muse closer to Pink Floyd than BOH's Neil Young leanings. Admittedly, some songs needed focus, but overall, the performance was quite good.

Band of Horses were just as surprising, exceeding expectations by some margin. They appeared late with beers in hand and ripped into what was purportedly the opening track on their forthcoming record. It was stellar, holding up to anything from their first album. The guitars were massive, as the band leaned into power chords and bashed out an impossible amount of reverb. Many reports of BOH shows have emphasized their restraint and delicacy, but none of that was evident here. Covering most of

the first record, as well as some Ron Wood and Otis Redding covers, this set was loud, brash, passionate and ballsy.

Lead horse Ben Bridwell was quite a sight as well: tall and gaunt, with his Seahawks ball cap and beard shrouding his face, save for his squinty eyes. He led off with a matter-of-fact "Happy Canada Day, bitches"—for which he would later apologize—but no offence was taken. He was compelling, jovial and folksy, but not in a contrived way. His voice was in fine form, sounding as much like Perry Farrell as the oft-mentioned Jim James.

Their calling card, "The Funeral," appeared about two-thirds through the set, and by the way they had been blasting out choruses previously, everyone in the room knew they were going to absolutely unload on it. And they did: the house lights went up and they buried it. And really, it was such bashed out anthems as this one that were the highlights, not the more low-key material.

While many likely expected something a little more intimate and introspective, what Band of Horses dished out was better. Utter dramatics and showmanship inflamed their yearning desperation with swagger, even a little danger. It was a great show.

— Michael Podor

SHEARWATER

JUNE 24
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

The night of June 24 got underway sluggishly at Richard's on Richards. By the time Shearwater started setting up, there were approximately 30 people in the audience, the room was cold, and the balcony remained closed off behind a phalanx of chairs and a bored bouncer. It seemed like we were in for an evening of apathy.

However, once the band got going, things began to look up. The audience had doubled, and it listened attentively as Jonathan Meiburg sang the first song *a capella*. And from this unaccompanied piece, to the cover of Brian Eno's "Baby's On Fire" that ended the performance, Shearwater played with not only power and control, but also appeared to have a lot of fun. Although my friend found it boring, I even liked it when they introduced the players halfway through the set (some of the band's only 'banter')—a hint that we were at a gimmick-free concert, where artistry is allowed to carry the show. Complaining about the small crowd, or how no one was dancing, or the fact that Vancouver is no fun would be hopelessly beside the point. This was the kind of performance that leaves recordings feeling dull in comparison: the important thing was to listen.

A few details were initially troubling, at least for my curmudgeonly self. Details such as too many poetic references to eyes in the recent songs (I guess that makes for a motif), Meiburg's odd shifts into a vague Celtic accent and his glued-open glare. The wild-eyed tragedian act especially made me think I was going to be disappointed. I worried that this might turn out like the last Mountain Goats show I attended: the dreaded, no-fun concert-as-religious-expe-

rience.

Yet, once you got used to Meiburg's possessed-prophet moments, they felt less pretentious. Combined seamlessly with his strength as a singer and the rest of Shearwater's enthusiastic performance, these moments contributed in their own way to making the evening as entertaining as it was.

— Joe Haigh

THE WHILE STRIPES

DEER LAKE PARK
JUNE 24

Not only is Jack White a guitar god, he is also a weather god. Sunday, June 24 was a day that virtually had every weather condition, except for snow. Not only were the White Stripes playing at the scenic outdoor venue of Deer Lake, but they were playing to a sold-out crowd.

I awoke that morning to the sound of rain on my window and not the sound of a summer sprinkler. As the day carried on, the clouds continued to move in, bringing thunder, lightning, hail and more rain. I worried there would be mud fights and an icky ground. Magically, as the Stripes took to the stage, the sun came out. There was not a cloud in the sky as the group appropriately opened with "Dead Leaves and the Dirty Ground." The crowd stood mesmerized by this god called Jack.

He belted out his raunchy, Zeppelin-style guitar playing from three amplifiers, which provided listeners with absolutely perfect sound. And as always, Jack was accompanied by Meg, who brought her simple but perfect style of drumming to the Stripes. Feet were stomping in the mud, and I truly believe that Jack and Meg were born to be on stage performing for the world.

They played for a solid hour-and-a-half without a break, and performed new songs from *Icky Thump* and many tracks from previously released albums, such as "Hotel Yorba," "The Denial Twist," "Stop Breaking Down" and even a little Dolly Parton. I mean, who could do "Joleen" better than Jack?

As for Meg, she took to centre stage in sweat pants and Puma running shoes to perform her signature song, "In the Cold, Cold Night." Of course, she also had the crowd clapping in unison to "Seven Nation Army," with her heavy foot pounding it out on the bass drum.

The highlight of the evening, however, was "I'm Slowly Turning into You," where Jack simultaneously played his guitar, keyboard and sang while conducting the audience to woe along with him in unison.

All in all, it was a perfect evening. Perfect weather, perfect sound, perfect crowd. Of course, the White Stripes get more amazing each time they come through town. I really do believe the world is ready for the Stripes to keep rock 'n' roll alive. Oh, and I must mention this: Jack is not only a guitar god. As soon as he left the stage, the clouds moved in and down came the rain; hence, Jack the Weather God.

— Karen Bourne

CITR CHARTS!

CITR's charts reflect what has been spun on the air for the previous month. Artists with stars alongside their names (*) are from this great land o' ours. Most of these platters can be found at finer (read: independent) music stores across Vancouver. If you can't find them there, give our Music Director a shout at 604-822-8733. His name is Luke. If you ask nicely, he'll tell you how to get them. To find other great campus/community radio charts check out www.earshot-online.com.

Strictly the
dopest hits of
July 2007

#	Artist	Album	Label
1	The Transmitters*	<i>The Transmitters</i>	Deranged
2	They Shoot Horses Don't They?*	<i>Pick Up Sticks</i>	Kill Rock Stars
3	Legion Of Green Men*	<i>Baqonraq</i>	Post Contemporary
4	3 Inches Of Blood*	<i>Fire Up The Blades</i>	Roadrunner
5	Wednesday Night Heroes*	<i>Guilt Pleasures</i>	BYO
6	Hot Little Rocket*	<i>How To Lose Everything</i>	File Under Music
7	The Pointed Sticks*	<i>My Japanese Fan/Found Another Boy</i>	Sudden Death
8	Lightning Dust*	<i>Lightning Dust</i>	Jaggiwar
9	Fucked Up*	<i>Year Of The Pig</i>	What's Your Rugmate
10	Tokyo Police Club*	<i>Smith</i>	Paper Bag
11	Spoon	<i>Ga Ga Ga Ga Ga</i>	Merge
12	Shellac	<i>Excellent Italian Greyhound</i>	Touch & Go
13	The Bloggers*	<i>The Bloggers</i>	Hockey Dad
14	Caribou*	<i>Melody Day</i>	Merge
15	Immaculate Machine*	<i>Fables</i>	Mint
16	Ulrich Schauss	<i>Goodbye</i>	Domino
17	Rick White*	<i>Memoreaper</i>	Blue Fog
18	Language Arts*	<i>Language Arts</i>	Independent
19	Raising The Fawn*	<i>Sleight Of Hand</i>	Sonic Unyon
20	Amy Honey*	<i>Pioneer Woman</i>	Self Righteous
21	The Russian Futurists*	<i>Me, Myself And Rye</i>	Upper Class
22	Colleen	<i>Les Ondes Silencieuses</i>	Leaf
23	Bob Marley And The Wailers	<i>Roots, Rock, Remixed</i>	Quango
24	Ghost House*	<i>These Are Ghost House</i>	Reluctant
25	Wax Mannequin*	<i>Orchard & Ira</i>	Infinite Heat

#	Artist	Album	Label
26	Montag*	<i>Going Places</i>	CarPark
27	Pride Tiger*	<i>The Lucky Ones</i>	EMI Canada
28	Bad Brains	<i>Bad Brains (Reissue)</i>	Roar
29	Azeda Booth*	<i>Mysterious Body</i>	Independent
30	Dizree Rascal	<i>Matts + English</i>	XL
31	The Shimmys	<i>Drive You Wild!</i>	Off The Hip
32	The Crips	<i>Men's Needs, Women's Needs, Whatever</i>	Warner
33	Interpol	<i>Our Love To Admire</i>	Capitol
34	Obiboiu*	<i>Swift Feet For Troubling Times</i>	Independent
35	Jennifer Gentle	<i>The Midnight Room</i>	Sub Pop
36	Music Roots*	<i>Parade Of Noises 2006</i>	Independent
37	Rick White*	<i>Memoreaper</i>	Blue Fog
38	The Pipettes	<i>Your Kisses Are Wasted On Me</i>	Universal
39	Love And Mathematics*	<i>Love And Mathematics</i>	Independent
40	Afghan Whigs	<i>Unbreakable: A Retrospective</i>	Rhino
41	Metric*	<i>Grow Up & Blow Away</i>	Last Gang
42	Brian Joseph Davis*	<i>The Definitive Host</i>	Blocks Recording Club
43	Les Sans Culottes	<i>Le Weekender</i>	Vibratone
44	Tiger Army	<i>Music From Regions Beyond</i>	Helicat
45	Wafer Thin Mints*	<i>The Finest Car They Ever Built In 1983</i>	Independent
46	The Parlour Steps*	<i>Ambiguoso</i>	Fignment
47	Lavender Diamond	<i>Imagine Our Love</i>	Matador
48	Pelican	<i>City Of Echoes</i>	Hydra Head
49	Unicorn/Torso*	<i>Split</i>	Divorce
50	Chicago Underground Trio	<i>Chronicle</i>	Delmark

COMICS BY STEPH

by Stephanie
Blakey

<http://www.members.shaw.ca/blakey>



CITR 101.9 FM PROGRAM GUIDE

You can listen to CITR online at www.citr.ca or on the air at 101.9 FM

	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
6am		BBC	PACIFIC PICKIN'	BBC	BBC	BBC	BBC
7am	BBC						
8am		BBC					
9am	TANA RADIO	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	RACHEL'S SONG (REBROADCAST)	SUBURBAN JUNGLE	END OF THE WORLD NEWS	CUTE BAND ALERT!	
10am	SHOOKSHOOKTA		THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM	PLANET LOVETRON	DEMOCRACY NOW	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE	THE SATURDAY EDGE
11am	KOL NODEDI	LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS...			ALTERNATIVE RADIO		
12pm		ALTERNATIVE RADIO	MORNING AFTER SHOW	ANOIZE	DUNCAN'S DONUTS	THESE ARE THE BREAKS	GENERATION ANNIHILATION
1pm	THE ROCKERS SHOW		GIVE 'EM THE BOOT	FILL-IN	WE ALL FALL DOWN		POWERCHORD
2pm		PARTS UNKNOWN	CIRO RADIO OKANAGAN REEL TO REAL	DEMOCRACY NOW	INKSTUDS	RADIO ZERO	
3pm	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	LET'S GET BAKED	CAREER FAST TRACK	RUMBLESTONE RADIO A GO GO	CRIMES & TREASONS		CODE BLUE
4pm	CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING	SAINT TROPEZ	EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE			NAROWUAR PRESENTS	
5pm		EUROQUEST	WENER'S BBQ	RACHEL'S SONG	MY SCIENCE PROJECT	NEWS 101 W.I.N.G.S.	LEO RAMIREZ SHOW
6pm	QUEER FM	RADIO RADIO!	FLEX YOUR HEAD	AND SOMETIMES WHY	STEREOSCOPIC REDOUT	THE CANADIAN WAY	NASHA VOLNA
7pm				SAMSQUANCHES HIDEAWAY			SHADOW JUGGLERS
8pm	RHYTHMSINDIA	KARASU			EXQUISITE CORPSE	AFRICAN RHYTHMS	
9pm	MONDO TRASHO		SALARIO MINIMO	FOLK OASIS			SYNAPTIC SANDWICH
10pm		THE JAZZ SHOW	CAUGHT IN THE RED	JUICEBOX	LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL	SWEET AND HOT	
11pm	TRANSCENDANCE				LAUGH TRACKS	SHAKE A TAIL FEATHER	BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT
12am	DISASTERPIECE THEATRE	VENGEANCE IS MINE		HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR	RAW RADIO	I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES	PASSING BINARY
1am			AURAL TENTACLES				
2am							
3am							
4am	BBC	BBC		BBC	BBC	BBC	BBC
5am							

SUNDAY

TANA RADIO (World) 9-10am
SHOOKSHOOKTA (World) 10-11am

KOL NODEDI (World) 11am-12pm

Beautiful arresting beats and voices emanating from all continents, corners, and voids. Sediment-rattled pocketfuls of roots and gems, recalling other times, and other places, to vast cross-roads on route to the unknown and the unclaimable. East Asia, South Asia, Africa, The Middle East, Europe, Latin America, Gypsy, Fusion. Always rhythmic, always captivating. Always crossing borders. Always transporting. **THE ROCKERS SHOW** (Reggae) 12-3pm

Reggae inna all styles and fashion. **BLOOD ON THE SADDLE** (Roots) 3-5pm

Real cowbit-caught-in-yeer-boots country.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING (Pop) 5-6pm

British pop music from all decades, International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), 60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet-set holiday now!

Alternates with: **SAINT TROPEZ** (Pop) 5-6pm

QUEER FM (Talk) 6-8pm
Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transexual com-munities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues, and great music.

RHYTHMSINDIA (World) 8-9pm
Rhythmsindia features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from the 1930s to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Qawwalis, pop, and regional language numbers.

MONDO TRASHO (Eclectic) 9-10pm
TRANSCENDANCE (Dance) 10pm-12am

Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance tracks to propel us into the domain of the mystical. transcendance@hotmail.com
DISASTERPIECE THEATRE (Talk) 12-2am
An odyssey into time and space in audio.

MONDAY

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS (Eclectic) 8-11am

Your favourite Brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of adult delights!
LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS... (Eclectic) 11-12pm

A mix of indie pop, indie rock, and pseudo underground hip hop, with your host, Jordie Sparkle.

ALTERNATIVE RADIO (Talk) 12-1pm
Hosted by David Barsamian.

PARTS UNKNOWN (Pop) 1-3pm
Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional interview with your host, Chris.

LET'S GET BAKED W/HATT & OWIS (Eclectic) 3-4pm
Vegan baking with "rock stars" like Laura Peck, The Food Jammers, Knock Knock Ginger, The Superfantasies and more.

NATIVE SOLIDARITY NEWS (Talk) 4-5pm

A national radio service and part of an international network of information and action in support of indigenous peoples' survival and dignity. We are all volunteers committed to promoting Native self-determination, culturally, economically, spiritually and otherwise. The show is self-sufficient, without government or corporate funding.

EUROQUEST (Eclectic) 5-6pm
RADIO! RADIO! (Eclectic) 6-7:30pm (alt.)

KARASU (World) 7:30-9pm
THE JAZZ SHOW (Jazz) 9pm-12am

Vancouver's longest running primetime jazz program. Hosted by the ever-savvy Gavin Walker. Features at 11pm.

August 6: Tonight the Jazz Feature highlights the powerful Stan Kenton Orchestra that, at the time of this recording (1962), was full of very promising young players. Vancouver jazz program. Hosted by the ever-savvy Gavin Walker. Features at 11pm.
August 13: The debut recording of a short-lived band and a short-lived marriage. Pianist/composer Toshiko Mariano (nee Akiyoshi) and her then-husband, alto saxophone great Charlie Mariano, formed a quartet and made this classic, one of a kind album that features the recording debut of drummer Eddie Marshall and bassist Gene Cherico. This was a beautiful date with compositions by both co-leaders. Don't miss this one.

August 20: A collaboration by two masters of jazz cool: tenor saxophone master Stan Getz and trumpet icon Chet Baker. Baker and Getz hated one another personally, but they made gorgeous music together with just the backing of bass (Carson Smith) and drums (Larry Bunker) on this live date done at the legendary "Haig" in L.A. in 1953.
August 27: Today is the birthday of "the second messiah" of jazz (the first being Louis Armstrong): the President, Lester Young. This tenor saxophone master had a huge influence on generations of jazz players, including Charlie Parker. Tonight we hear "Prez" in the company of two giants. Pianist Nat "King" Cole influenced scores of piano players through to Oscar Peterson through to Bill Charlap. Those of you who know Nat as a singer will be surprised at his amazing playing. They are backed by the drummer's drummer, Buddy Rich (after Buddy they broke the mould). Amazing music from 1945.

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TUESDAY

VENGEANCE IS MINE (Punk) 12-2am

All the best the world of punk has to offer, in the wee hours of the morn.

PACIFIC PICKIN' (Roots) 6-8am
Bluegrass, old-time music, and its derivatives with Arthur and the lovely Andrea Berman.

RACHEL'S SONG (Roots) 8-9:30am
(Rebroadcast from previous Wednesday, 5-6:30pm) Currently airing Necessary Voices lecture series.

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM (Rock) 9:30-11:30am

Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourage that is Rock and Roll! Deadlier than the most dangerous criminal! borninxisixtynine@hotmail.com
MORNING AFTER SHOW (Eclectic) 11:30am-1pm
GIVE 'EM THE BOOT (World) 1-2pm

Sample the various flavours of Italian folk music from north to south, traditional and modern. Un programma bilingue che esplora il mondo della musica folk italiana.

CIRO SYNDICATED (Talk) 2-2:30pm
Syndicated programming from

Okanagan's CIRCO.
(Replaces Bessner's Rhyme)

REEL TO REAL
2:30-3:30pm

Movie reviews and criticism.
CAREER FAST TRACK
(Talk) 3-3:30pm

EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE
(French) 3:30-4:30pm

En Avant La Musique! se concentre sur le m tissage des genres musicaux au sein d'une francophonie ouverte   tous les courants. This program focuses on cross-cultural music and its influence on mostly Francophone musicians.

WENERS' BARBEQUE
(Sports) 4:30-6pm

Join the sports department for their coverage of the T-Birds.
FLEX.YOUR.HEAD
(Hardcore) 6-8pm
Use the punx, down the emo! Keepin' it real since 1989, yo. Flexyourhead.

SALARIO MINIMO
(World) 8-10pm

Salario Minimo, the best rock in Spanish show in Canada.

CAUGHT IN THE RED
(Rock) 10pm-12am

Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years' worth of rock n' roll debris. Dig it!
AURAL TENTACLES
(Electronic) 12-6am
It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

WEDNESDAY

SUBURBAN JUNGLE
(Electronic) 8-10am

PLANET LOVETRON
(Electronic) 10:11-11:30am

With host Robert Robot. One part classic electronics. One part plunderphonicmixmatch. Two parts new and experimental techno. One part progressive hip-hop. Mix and add informative banter and news for taste. Let stand. Serve, and enjoy.
planetlovetron@gmail.com

ANOIZE (Noise)
11:30am-1pm

Luke Mead irritates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

DEMOCRACY NOW
(Talk) 2-3pm

Independent news hosted by award-winning journalists Amy Goodman and Juan Gonzalez.

RUMBLETONE RADIO
(Rock) 3-5pm
Primitive, fuzzed-out garage mayhem!

RACHEL'S SONG (Talk)
5-6:30pm

AND SOMETIMES WHY
(Pop/Electronic) 6:30-8pm

First Wednesday of every month.

Alternates with:
SAMSQUANCH'S
HIDEAWAY (Electronic)
6:30-8pm

FOLK OASIS (Roots) 8-10pm
Two hours of eclectic roots music. Don't own any Birkenstocks? Allergic to patchouli? C'mon in! A kumbaya-free zone since 1997.

JUCEBOX (Talk) 10-11PM
Developing your relational and individual sexual health, expressing diversity, celebrating queerness, and encouraging pleasure at all stages.

Sexuality educators Julia and Alix will quench your search for responsible, progressive sexuality over your life span! www.juiceboxradio.com
HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR
(Hans Kloss) 11pm-1am
This is pretty much the best thing on radio.

THURSDAY

END OF THE WORLD
NEWS (Electronic) 8-10am

DEMOCRACY NOW
(Talk) 10-11am

ALTERNATIVE RADIO
(Electronic) 11am-12pm

DUNCAN'S DONUTS
(Electronic) 12-1pm

Hosted by Duncan, sponsored by donuts.

WE ALL FALL DOWN
(Electronic) 1-2pm

Punk, rock, indie pop, and whatever else I deem worthy.

Hosted by a closet nerd.

INK STUDS (Talk) 2-3pm

CRIMES & TREASONS
(Hip Hop) 3-5pm

MY SCIENCE PROJECT
(Talk) 5-6pm

Zoom a little zoom on the My Science Project rocket ship, piloted by your host, Julia, as we navigate eccentric, under-exposed, always relevant and plainly cool scientific research, technology, and poetry (submissions welcome). myscienceprojectradio@yahoo.ca

Alternates with:
PEDAL REVOLUTION (Talk)
5-6pm

STEREOSCOPIC REDOUBT
(Rock) 6-7:30pm

Psychadelic, Garage, Freak-beat and Progressive music from 1965 to today: underground, above ground and homeground.

EXQUISITE CORPSE
(Experimental) 7:30-9pm

Experimental, radio-art, sound collage, field recordings, etc. Recommended for the insane.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD
RADIO HELL
(Live Music) 9-11pm

Live From Thunderbird Radio Hell showcases local talent...LIVE! Honestly, don't even ask about the technical side of this.

LAUGH TRACKS (Talk)
11pm-12am

RAW RADIO (Hip Hop)
12-2am

FRIDAY

CUTE BAND ALERT!
(Electronic) 8-10am

SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE (Ska)
10am-12pm

Email requests to:
djska_t@hotmail.com

THESE ARE THE BREAKS
(Hip Hop) 12-2pm

Top notch crate digger DJ Avi Shack mixes underground hip hop, old school classics, and original breaks.

RADIO ZERO (Electronic)
2-3:30pm

NARDWUUR THE HUMAN
SERVIETTE PRESENTS
(Nardwuar) 3:30-5pm

NEWS 101
(Talk) 5-5:30pm

W.I.N.G.S.
(Electronic) 5:30-6pm

THE CANADIAN WAY
(Electronic) 6-7:30pm

Canadian independent music, from any given genre, from all

across our massive and talented country, played for you by your host, Spike.

www.myspace.com/canadianway thecanadianway@popstar.com

AFRICAN RHYTHMS
(World) 7:30-9pm

David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa and African music from around the world.

www.africanrhythmsradio.com

SWEET 'N' HOT
(Jazz) 9-10:30pm

Sweet dance music and hot jazz from the 1920s, 30s and 40s.

SHAKE A TAIL FEATHER
(Soul/R'n'B) 10:30pm-12am

I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES
(Electronic) 12-2am

Beats mixed with audio from old films and clips from the internet. 10% discount for callers who are certified insane. Hosted by Chris D.

SATURDAY

THE SATURDAY EDGE
(Roots) 8am-12pm

Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.

GENERATION ANNihilation
(Punk) 12-1pm

A fine mix of streetpunk and old school hardcore backed by band interviews, guest speakers, and social commentary.

www.streetpunkradio.com

crashburnradio@yahoo.ca

POWERCHORD
(Metal) 1-3pm

Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports, and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead, Geoff the Metal Pimp and guests do the damage.

CODE BLUE (Roots) 3-5pm

From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy and Paul.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW
(World) 5-6pm

The best of music, news, sports, and commentary from around the local and international Latin American communities.

NASHA VOLNA
(World) 6-7pm

SHADOW JUGGLERS 9-9PM
(Dance/Electronic)

An exciting chow of Drum 'n' Bass with DJs Jungmule & Bias on the ones and twos, plus guests. Listen for give-aways every week. Keep feelin da beatz.

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH
(Dance/Electronic/Electic)
9-11pm

BEATS FROM THE
BEHIND (Hip Hop)
11pm-1am

PASSING BINARY
(Electronica) 1-3am



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AND SARA**

NORTHERN STATE

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For an interview, please call

604-872-8212

Vancouver Rape Relief & Women's Shelter

www.rapereliefshelter.bc.ca

THE SALAD DAYS OF SUMMER

Zulu's Sonic Picnic

ST. VINCENT MARRY ME CD

Now here's a taste for the refined palate. **St. Vincent** is the alias of **Annie Clark**, a versatile guitarist and songwriter whose voice is so strikingly original that we can only reach towards other incompagable personalities to compare her to. **Bjork**, **Kate Bush**, **Jeff Buckley**, etc. Previously served as an appetizer on the **Arcade Fire**'s recent tour and perfect ed while a member of both **The Polyphonic Spree** and **Glenn Branca**'s 100-guitar orchestra, **St. Vincent** is the kind of complex and substantial disc that can easily be your main course. Ingredients include jazz, gospel blues, Southern folk music, and classical composition, but the presentation will make you rethink what modern orchestral pop should taste like.

CD 16.98



THE MOHAWK LODGE WILDFIRES CD

The seasoned picnicker will know that there is a time in late summer when choosing a secluded spot for an open fire (not a simply magical absorption). Thus it follows that choosing an aromatic wood to smoke one's tasty morsels over is a matter of great importance. One must look for something delicate, yet full of character. One must seek out a slow burning fire source that will trap the flavour without turning it into ash. One must find a spiritual kind that releases passion into the mystic smoke. If you cannot do this yourself, it is wise to consult the guys in **Mohawk Lodge** as they are masters of the cook-out. As with their divine jazzy folk all-rock anthems, they know how to craft things and make an art out of the dancing flame. **Wildfires** is grilled to perfection!

CD 12.98



OKKERVIL RIVER THE STAGE NAMES CD

These is a must, I trust you agree? make a point to keep a few good cheeses in the house at all times as they, when married to a bottle of wine, are certain "go-to" items for any picnic feast. My these days is full of entries documenting various sorted love affairs with the blue spectrum — **Gorgonzola**, **Roquefort**, **Stilton** — as well as details of the setting, atmosphere and mood that must accompany goats milk experimentation. A recent evening reads as follows: "While walking through the province of Novara I come upon a glorious field of Moon Daisies and decide to nibble on my Pavia Varese. I then put on my iPod and record through **Okkervil River**'s latest poetic Americana epic and imagine myself bleeding in an ornate theater with fresses of my favourite famous, fictional characters, mesdies go easy on me." Amazing! AVAILABLE AUGUST 7th

CD 14.98



THE CRIBS MAN'S NEEDS, WOMAN'S NEEDS, WHATEVER CD

These three puddings from Yorkshire are out to prove that British fare needn't be faceless and tasteless. They start by importing some tried-and-true American taste favourites (**Woezer**, **The Shins**) and wedding them to state-of-the-art British indie circa the late 2000s — in particular, **Our Svinne Public**'s ridiculously catchy melody and punchy drums feel like the results of an experiment to fuse together **Maximo Park**, the **Furthestheads**, and **Good Shoes** in some Sacred lab. This isn't supermarket science, though, it's rock 'n' roll, and while master chef **Alex Kapranos** of **Franz Ferdinand** supervises the proceedings, **The Cribz** are a little meatier and stronger than their Scottish counterparts. Think of it as all bangs, no much.

CD 16.98



TEGAN AND SARA THE CON CD

Identical twins **Tegan and Sara** have long been known as confidantes of the dark- and-sweet variety, crafting teen angst candy with a sugary undertone and a crunchy centre. Having grown up a little, though (they're both 28 now), they're turning their talents to more mature forms of songwriting. You might think of it as switching from lollipops to dark chocolate. Of course, that doesn't mean they're selling down — safe. **The Con** has a few melancholy numbers, but it also shows the influence of **T&S** tomatizes **The Killers** and **Hot Hot Heat**, sporting the kind of synth hooks that can start parties at hipster clubs and all-ages shows. It's still despondent, but you can feel like a grown-up while you eat it (just don't call it a guilty pleasure).

CD 16.98



JASON ZUMPANO IN THE CO. OF GHOSTS CD

Vancouver certainly has its fair share of great spots to lay down the picnic blanket. **Wreck Beach** has always been my favourite and certainly **Jason Zumpano** (**Zumpano**, **Sparrow**, **Destroyer**) makes music for this romantic sunset setting. Plus, what could be more 'nude' than a solo record of just stripped down piano? **Zumpano**'s style recalls the early **Gould**, the mid period **Satie** and perhaps even the late period **Randy Newman**. Is there not a more plaintive instrument? Come and see my loves.

CD 14.98



NICK DRAKE FAMILY TREE CD

Halfway between the tried-and-true and a plate of hors d'oeuvres, we find this collection of rarities, covers and alternate versions from the once-obscure and now much-loved progenitor of sad-eyed suicide folk. The album is a varied concoction to tempt the taste buds of new fans and satisfy the cravings of aficionados. Bringing together instrumental exercises, blues covers and music-hall ditties written and recorded by **Drake**'s mother **Molly**, **Family Tree** aims to explain the musical traditions that informed **Drake**'s elegant melancholy. At twenty-eight tracks, this is a course that exceeds any of **Drake**'s three LPs in length, surely to satiate even the most starving listener. The favour is generally simple but sublime throughout, like a fine consommé.

CD 16.98



1900'S COOKIES CD

Scotland's new favourite songs will soon be taking over North America. They already are enjoying a massive amount of success in the UK (largely due to their hit single **I Thought You Were Supposed To Be My Friend**), and have toured over there with **The Strokes**, **Franz Ferdinand**, **CSS**, and **The Long Blondes**. The band consists of ex-members of **YUMMY FUR** (whose ex-members also include **Alex Kapranos** and **Paul Thomson** of **Franz Ferdinand**). What we have here is a basic, fun, catchy rock 'n' roll album that should appeal to any fans of basic, fun, catchy rock 'n' roll albums.

CD 16.98



THE BRUNETTES STRUCTURE AND COSMETICS CD

New Zealand's **The Brunettes**, fronted and formed by **Jonathan Bree** (vocals, guitar) and **Heather Mansfield** (vocals, keys, guitar), base their breezy, effervescent pop on traditional recipes from the **Shangri-Las** to **Fleetwood Mac**: songs, hooks, fun, falling in love and breaking up. Take the original notions and reformulate them (structure), dress them up (cosmetics) — the perfect rock song recipe. Yup, listen to **"Her Magnificent Sat"**. The simple piano riff, the thick guitar sound, chirpy percussion — it takes just a few carefully chosen ingredients to convey such charm. It looks good and it tastes even better. **The Brunettes** first attracted notice opening for **The Shins** and now **Salt Pop** serves them up daily, alongside favourites like **Billy Riley**, **The Postal Service**, and **Clap Your Hands Say Yeah**. AVAILABLE AUGUST 7th

CD 16.98



ALL THIS AND STILL MORE

Cass McCombs — That's That CDEP/10th Anniversary ZLP
Mick Turner/Tren Bros — Blue Trees CD
Sunno)) & **Boris** — Altar 200g 3LP BOX
BEACH BOYS — Pet Sounds (40th Anniversary) ZLP

INTERPOL — Our Love To Admire ZLP+CD
BEASTIE BOYS — The Mix Up LP
MEAT PUPPETS — Rise To Your Knees CD
J DILLA — Ruff Draft Instrumentals ZLP
M.I.A. — Boyz 12"
OST — Once CD

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The Besnard Lakes — The Besnard Lakes
Are The Dark Horse



The Dears — Gang Of Losers

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Feist — The Reminder
Junior Boys — So This Is Goodbye
Miracle Fortress — Five Roses
Joel Plaskett Emergency — Ashtray Rock
Chad VanGaalen — Skelliconnection
Patrick Watson — Close To Paradise

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Vinyl Sale Continues!

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ZULU ART NEWS

Boxes You Can't Take Them With You.
by Matthew Day

August 1-31



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